

## CHRISTMAS?

(By E. J. T.)

Christmas, that term which signifies for the student a ten-day "haven of rest" after braving the hectic storm of Christmas tests; which signifies for the "prof" a short lecture-less period during which the mind is clouded by the consciousness of "stacks" of test-papers comprised of more or less unintelligible statements in illegible "scrawls"; which signifies for the business world a period of rush and abnormal activity, sure to be followed by a slump; which signifies for the mail officials a period of horrible strain, of huge stacks of letters and parcels involving much labour; which signifies for the people working in stores long wearying hours of nerve wracking toil; which conjures up in the minds of boys and girls visions of wonderful longed-for presents, visions of soul-satisfying "feeds" of turkey, goose and plum pudding, of candies and nuts, of oranges and apples; which signifies for the too poor a period of wistful longings, a time for thinking back with heartache to happier days; which signifies for the many "philanthropic" and "charity" organizations a period during which the members surfeit their souls with "righteous" satisfaction because for one day they try to right the wrongs and inequalities caused by a "soul-less mechanical civilization" over which man has lost control; which signifies for almost all, a time "when everyone buys everyone else," in a vast spurge of useless, senseless economic waste, indulged in only because tradition, convention and commercialization demand it, a present!

What a maze of diverse meanings have grown around the term! And what is this 25th of December that is called Christmas? The average person answers: "The day of the birth of the Christ Child." On the 25th of December, 1926 years ago, He was born." In the black night of tradition how sure they are of all the facts! Yet despite the fact that our calendar says it is 1926 years "After Christ," not even the year of Christ's birth is known, leave alone the day! The 25th of December? Who knows? What minute-hints regarding His birth that we do have seem to indicate the paradox that Christ was born several years "Before Christ!"

Darkness and Light; Untruth and Truth; Sorrow and Happiness; Turmoil and Peace—so this is Christmas! But who cares? knowing that sometime, somewhere, somehow, the bonnie babe Jesus was born, lived, and gave to the world a way of living that brings to the heart of man "soul-satisfaction!"

## A GEM OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS

By W. R. Klink

During the summer a party from the University of Alberta toured Greece, Italy, France and England. This description of some of the innumerable interesting places and people encountered, was written by one of the tourists. The party included Miss Florence Dodd, Dr. W. H. Alexander, Mr. C. S. Burgess, Miss L. Cram, Miss Marion Cajo and Mr. Klink, The Editor.

"Twas early that bright morning in Naples when we drove down from the Splendid Hotel Savoy, along the broad seaside drive to the docks, where some dozen small steamboats lay at anchor. But we were not the only ones astir. Even before we had gotten up, we had heard the noise of young Italians passing in the streets, crying out their wares or breaking into snatches of songs, which though truly joyous, grated somewhat harshly on the ears of those not yet fully aroused from slumber. Also, there were the fishermen, whom we had seen lounging down by the waterfront the previous evening. These had gone, at sunrise, out into Naples Bay to cast their nets for sardines in the well-known haunts that lie beyond the harbor. Now, the streets were comparatively deserted; only the rattle of cab wheels and the ill-humored cries of Neapolitan cabbies came to our ears.

The view from the docks that morning was one to be remembered. Far along the coast on either hand lay the modern city of Naples; to the right lay the heights of Posilipo and to the left, beyond the sites of the ancient glorious towns of Pompeii and Herculaneum, rose the lofty peak of Mt. Vesuvius; emitting its never-ceasing column of smoke, and half-obscured, despite the brightness of the morning, by the clouds of mist that hung about its sides. Still farther to the left, below Vesuvius, the long, abrupt peninsula of Sorrento ran two or three miles out into the sea. Upon its heights, we were told, lay Amalfi, a village at all times famed for mountain-roads and brigands. Poor romantic figures, these brigands for whom a Mussolini'd Italy has no place!

Only one thing now to complete the view, the beautiful island of Capri, resembling a huge wooden shoe, with its turned-up toe, the Capo di Tiberio, a sheer precipice of nine hundred feet at its eastern extremity; with its heel, Monte Solaro, equally sheer on the seaward side, rising to a height of over sixteen hundred feet. This was

## CHRISTMAS CHEER

(By Tnagar)

This is the joyous Christmas tide, The end of another year. Let's think again of all our friends And send them our best cheer; Renew old friendships; greet old friends; Ring forth the merry chime. Old customs and old friendships Heed not the flight of time.

Throughout the whole of Christendom,

Through centuries never lost, His memory is again revived. From Manger to the Cross. During all these festal times, When friends unite again, May we remember Him who died To save his fellowmen.

## CHRISTMAS HAS CHANGED

The winter solstice is at hand, when the sun begins its upward course, thrilling men with the first distant promise of spring. This is the season when the pagan peoples of antiquity turned their minds to the great celebration of Saturnalia, and with great merriment and licence, feasting and revelry, paid their compliments to the great god of light and life, the Sun. The short oppressive days of winter were left behind. Visions of flowers, of green leaves, of warm breezes and running waters, of plentiful sunshine and brief languid nights, lifted men's hearts in ecstasy. And joy was unrefined. Later the more personalized gods, Odin and Thor, were worshipped, at this season, by the hardy wood-dwellers of Europe, with similar manifestations. The great Yule Log was burned in a fire lighted and consecrated by the priest. Great ruddy glows illumined the glades of the forest; myriads of living eager sparks rushed pell-mell to the sky; the roaring and crackling of the fires made the furry squirrels wonder; men feasted, women sang, children played. All was a spirit of gladness. With the coming of the Great Teacher, men's hearts were softened, their tempers moderated, their outlooks changed. The second century after His birth saw the earliest celebration of His nativity, and many of the beautiful and striking customs of paganism were adopted. Only the spirit was changed.

Nowhere did the spirit of Christmas thrive so as in Merrie Old England. There it took its firmest root. We read that in December 878 A.D. Alfred's court led in the high revelries of the season. (Much too Alfred's and England's sorrow, too, for the marauding Dane was lying in wait for an opportunity to strike.) The festival was democratic. All classes mixed in the merry-making. Hospitality was universal. Baronial halls were thrown open, and it was many days before you could see the bottom of the bowl through the deep rich color of the wassail. The royal court did much in the way of setting

an example for knight and hind and yeoman. With the coming of the Commonwealth period and Puritan bigotry, however, a ban was placed on revelry of all kinds, and a determined effort was made to stamp out the observance of Christmas Day with its "revelling, carding, dicing, masking, mumming, consumed in computations, in interludes, in excess wine and in mad mirth." Santa Claus was exiled. But he never became unpopular, like the Bogy Man, nor unapproachable, like the Man in the Moon. Beneath the thin skin of enforced piety and solemnity, men's souls longed for the cheerful and loving visits of old St. Nick. With the restoration of the Stuart line, St. Nicholas reclaimed his own. He has been with us ever since, is with us now, and God grant that his shadow shall never grow less!

In the past century or so, decided changes have occurred in the observance of Christmas. Some say in the spirit, too. But they are wrong. We must appeal to none other than Dickens to tell of the Christmas-that-was.

"From the centre of the ceiling of this kitchen, Old Wardle has just suspended a huge branch of mistletoe, and this same branch of mistletoe instantaneously gave rise to a scene of general and most delightful struggling and confusion." . . . Mr. Pickwick, most gallantly and solemnly, and with much dignity, "saluted the old lady," who submitted with all the courtesy and decorum befitting the occasion. . . . "But the younger ladies, not being so thoroughly imbued with a superstitious veneration of the custom, or imagining that the value of a salute is much enhanced if it costs a little trouble to obtain it, screamed and struggled, and ran into corners, and threatened and remonstrated, and did everything but leave the room." . . . until they . . . "found it useless to resist any longer and submitted to be kissed with a good grace."

Oh, yes, Christmas has changed! One dare not even imagine the riot that would ensue did this custom now receive the popularity due it, if a branch of mistletoe were skillfully placed in a modern co-educational university building. What a death-blow to a perfectly conscientious Dean of Women Students!

We have come to take our Christmas with less hilarity and greater thoughtfulness. True, we all look forward to a gay and happy holiday. But ours is the gift-giving age in Christmas history. For us, Christmas is a time for demonstrating individual loves. To those whom we hold dearest, we give a physical sign of our goodwill, be it only a bit of a card with a happy message. Our efforts are bent to bring joy to individual hearts. All of us, emotional creatures, are swept, eager victims, into the current spirit of the season. We try to forget our prejudices, to forgive hurts, to pardon offences, to overlook slights. We are united in a desire to create happiness.

And such a delightful mystery that precedes the day! Whispered conferences; all sizes and shapes of parcels being surreptitiously introduced into the house and smuggled away into all manner of out-of-the-way places; mother the confidant of all the conspirators, and herself the greatest schemer of all!

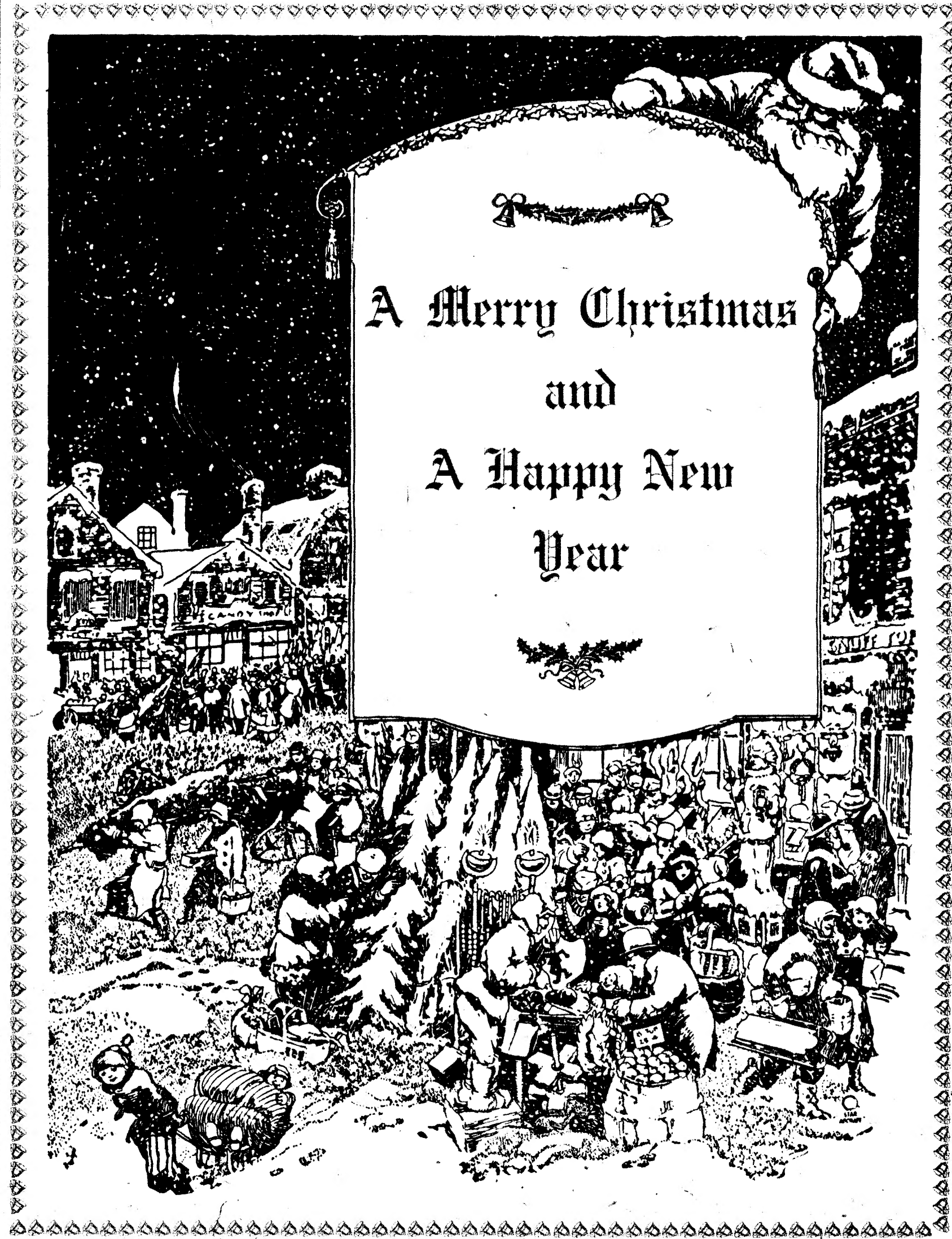
It is the ghost season. Ghosts of sympathies, glide silently into the old recollections, ghosts of dormant sphere of that inner eye.

Possibly few of us have any realization of any casual connection between our feelings and the life and teachings of Him whose memory we honor. One need not be a Christian to have the "Christmas spirit." But none of us will deny that the general spirit of love and peace and goodwill that so embraces us at this time is a marvellous tribute to that creed which is valiantly struggling for a place in the lives of men.

But this is too adult and grown-upish!

Possibly we have lost much by our neglect of the mistletoe, by our waning enthusiasm for the boisterous activities, by our lack of appreciation of the board's head and the fat mince pies, the flowing-bowl and the great

(Continued on page eight)



## A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

## The Maria Chapdelaine Country Today

Two hundred miles down the St. Lawrence from the city of Quebec stands the majestic and forbidding granite portals of the noble Saguenay River. This river, so long renowned for the scenery of its lower reaches, is now even more famous on account of the wealth of energy in its impetuous upper reaches and the almost limitless forests of its headwaters. The longest of these tributaries is the Peribonka, a name which will recall those grim scenes and homely characters of Louis Hémon's fascinating tale.

Since so much of this rugged yet beautiful country is still unknown, and since some of the characters of "Maria Chapdelaine" who were true to life still survive, it might be of some interest if a brief account were given of a visit of the writer during the summer of 1926.

The Saguenay soon becomes a vast raging torrent in its granite channel above Chicoutimi, the cathedral town of the Lake St. John district. Where the river debouched from Lake St. John to flow down a tortuous channel in a wild turbulence known as the Grand Discharge, a great barricade has been fixed and enough energy been harnessed to be almost fabulous.

The broad flat farms and the characteristic saucily curved roofs of the farmhouses make a pleasant sight, one which Madame Chapdelaine so often longed for. In the distance both north and south lie the bluish, forest-clad slopes of the Laurentians. From those blue hills northward is the virgin wilderness extending on towards Labrador and known only to the Indians and a few forest rangers. Yet it has already been claimed and set aside for rival paper-mill companies. In spite of miracles of power and manufacturing which are occurring almost monthly in this valley there is, close at hand and round about, a land of romance.

The French-Canadian farmer still tills his land as formerly just outside the fence which surrounds a new paper mill; on Sunday the stone church in the village is packed with healthy brown-faced, dark-clothed people. The men wait outside for a chat until the very last minute, and then file in to sit as near the back

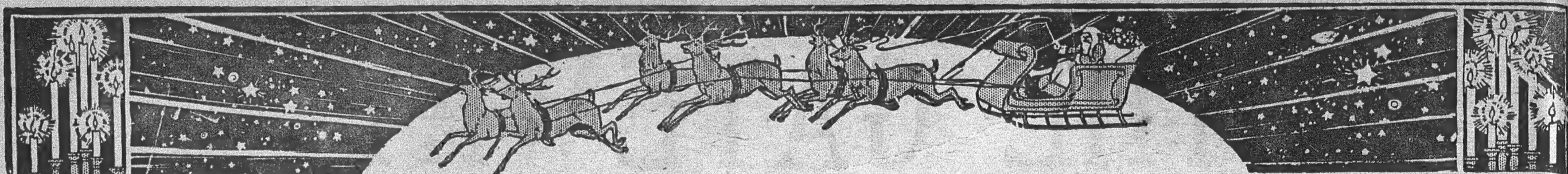
door as possible. Sunday afternoons is the time for visiting. The narrow verandahs which almost meet the roadway, are crowded with rocking-chairs to accommodate the relatives and neighbors.

In order to reach the Chapdelaine country, which is north of Lake St. John where the land is sandy and wooded, we must travel along the highway which has recently been very greatly improved by the Province. Crossing the Saguenay by a covered red bridge, just like a tunnel, one sees in the distance on the edge of the water the picturesque town of Moutique, now rechristened St. Coeur de Marie, and later the prosperous village of St. Henri de Taillon, from where one may look down upon the broad bosom of Lake St. John. A long journey through rather barren land brings one to Honfleur. The roadway which used to lead to the ferry, where Samuel Chapdelaine made his hazardous crossing on the ice just as it was breaking up, is now disused, and instead the new highway passes right over the mighty lower falls of the Peribonka by a steel bridge. Pouring down for hundreds of miles this irresistible tawny flood of incredible volume is crushed between two black basaltic cliffs which increase its motion to express speed. Below the

(Continued on Page 8)

(Continued on page eight)





## Correspondence Debate-- Affirmative Rebuttal

We present to our readers the final article in the Correspondence Debate, Alberta vs. Dalhousie, that has been featuring our paper for several issues. This "speech" is written by the leader of the Alberta team. As will be remembered, Alberta's team, composed of Jack Sweeney and Emily Horricks, has been upholding the resolution that compulsory attendance at lectures is in the best interests of the student body.

Dalhousie's debaters, Arthur L. Murphy and Freda Winfield, have presented a strong case for the negative, and the decision now rests with the editors of the various Canadian University publications. Each editor will cast one vote, the team securing the more votes will be declared winner, and winner of the gold medals donated by Mr. S. J. McCoppen, of the Varsity Tuck Shop.

I now take my pen in hand, Murphy!

The gist of his rebuttal is this—"Six of your arguments are false, four are illogical, the first article was a humorous subterfuge and WE have quoted facts." He wrote a thousand words around that statement and did not amplify it. Like the old-style politician he hopes to create an impression by direct statements. In no statement in the rebuttal did he use any proof beyond a single denial. He made a statement, called high heaven to witness that it was a fact, and trusted that it would pass the judges as such. That is my reply to the last article. We ask whoever judges this debate to be careful to keep our objection in mind. We will not use that method.

Our first article was not a "humorous subterfuge." It was an attempt to confuse Dalhousie. There was chaff in it in abundance. There was also grain. The chaff hid the grain, as was intended. In a debate if the Negative does not consider any point that the Affirmative brings up it must concede it. In our first article we threw in five points—camouflaged. Dalhousie spotted one and shot away their whole first article at it. They overlooked the others. We hoped for that.

We said—"Your maiden aunt would not sit in front of a table with legs on it", i.e., fastidious ladies would avoid lectures and lecturers with whom they disagreed, or who shocked their religious or moral convictions. Miss Winfield said, very obligingly, that "there were certain lectures WE SHOULD ALL like to

cut." Note our emphasis. Miss Winfield, herself a lady, confirmed our point.

We said that poor lecturers were responsible for poor lectures and NOT compulsory attendance. Miss Winfield supported us. She said that in some lectures we were prone to sleep. "And why? It's not the fault of the students. It's the fault of the professors." Our point.

We presented the argument that Convocation Hall was empty every Sunday morning as an example of how voluntary attendance works out. The churches today admit they cannot attract attendance except on gala occasions. Dalhousie scorned to consider such "humorous subterfuge." They therefore conceded the point.

We said that university students were boys. Mr. Murphy said they were men. Neither statement is effective because neither of us can define "man" and "boy." Any definition would be a generalization at best. We can't do it by the stipulation of a certain age, because chronological age and mental age are two different things. We can tackle it another way. Almost all men are self-supporting and almost all boys are not. Our generalization is—a man is self-supporting and a boy is not. Are the majority of university students self-supporting? Mr. Murphy helps us out—ABOUT 33% OF STUDENTS WORK THEIR WAY THROUGH COLLEGE." We'll accept that. Therefore 67% do not. Allowing plenty of latitude for error in our generalization we are conservative in saying that at least 50% of our students are more aptly

called as boys than as men. And is this not better logic than Mr. Murphy's simple statement—"The student is a man."

We asked Dalhousie how working in groups could be managed efficiently with voluntary attendance. Group working is indispensable in the Medical, Applied Science and Agricultural faculties. They have not even referred to it in their three articles. They conceded the point.

That is a summary of our first contribution. Mr. Murphy's first speech has been answered. Now for Miss Winfield!

She's in hard luck indeed! She wants to become broadminded, but she must attend lectures instead. 'Tis said that the professor won't let her through on breadth of mind.

The Math. professor insists that you know the calculus, the Poly Ec. professor insists that you know Gresham's Law, the Medical professor insists that you know the Orbiculus Ciliaris. Now she says that the Orbiculus Ciliaris doesn't interest her and therefore she shouldn't attend the lectures to learn about it. Well, uninteresting lectures often contain facts that the student should know, that it is his business to know. The student is here to train himself to carry on the great work of the world when he graduates. Breadth of mind acquired by missing uninteresting lectures on the Orbiculus Ciliaris will not build steel bridges nor discover the cure for cancer nor teach the next generation the profound beauties of Shakespeare. No. But organized and systematic study will. It is the fund of definite knowledge that a graduate possesses that will enable him to make a living, and NOT breadth of mind.

And what is breadth of mind? It is anything you like to say it is. Everybody has it except our enemies and yours.

Yes, we do base our case on the value of letters. Miss Winfield says, "We wouldn't cut all of the lectures all of the time." Those she would attend, however, she must consider valuable. And what about the others—the ones that don't interest her—the Orbiculus Ciliaris ones? Is she, or any student, a better judge of a lecture than a professor who is an expert in his field? Hardly. THE PROFESSOR IS A MAN. (Note this, Mr. Murphy.)

Miss Freda says that under a voluntary system "We would cut the lectures of Prof. B and read them instead." Think of a medical student reading up on Anatomy or an

engineering student reading up on Mathematics, or an Arts student reading up on Modern Languages! How many students would do it? How many could do it? Very few.

Miss Winfield THINKS she prefers examinations. That establishes no argument.

What Professors A, B and C and "average student" E, F and G said to her on opportune occasions is not evidence in a court or in a debate.

Cases of illness among students can not be used as evidence. We are arguing about a normal student body. A sick student is entitled to special consideration in regard to attendance.

Space does not permit a summing up of Miss Horricks' points. Mr. Murphy said she had ten. Isn't he the hard-working Irish lad? He does all the work on his own debate and then does a chore for the judges besides. We imagine we can hear him say "That's false." Well, everything may be false, Mr. Murphy—everything. Everything but this:

You've got to know the Orbiculus Ciliaris.

J. M. SWEENEY.

## THE PROPHET'S MAN

Review: Poems by Geoffrey B. Riddehough.

Friends of the University will be interested to know of a further contribution to literature from the staff of the English Department, this time by Geoffrey B. Riddehough, a few of whose poems have just appeared in sheaf form, one of the Chap Book Series from the Ryerson Press. The editor of this series, Lorne Pierce, remarks that "Lovers of poetry care more for verse of high quality than for costly bindings. We believe that the cause of Canadian poetry can best be served by enabling our authors more frequently to reach their audience."

"The Prophet's Man," the only long poem of the seventeen contained in the collection, gives the title to the book. It is written in blank verse, rich in diction and flowing in line. A prophet, zealous for his God, Jahveh, endures stark hardship. Shalea, his man, thinks him but mad, though he will not leave him. The prophet relates to Shalea a night-vision in which he has seen the triumph of the followers of Jahveh over the hordes of Baal and Ash-toreth, and tells Shalea of the assurance that they two shall lead those victors if they faithfully endure. Shalea, unaffected, secretly prays to all these gods in turn to heal his master's madness and to deliver them from their plight. The fanatical zeal of the one and the stirring devotion of the other afford a striking contrast in ideals of loyalty, as in the closing lines—

"But Jahveh loves not these, for He is old,  
Even as my master, who torments himself  
With talk of sin and judgment, and the pain  
Of righteousness. And this alone I know:  
If I depart, his God will let him die.  
So, for he is my master, I remain."

There are poems of legendary, whimsical, and ethical theme. Probably the one which will become most quickly known and widely quoted is a sonnet on "Conceit," which we quote in full:

"A Spanish captain, many years ago,  
Thus in his crumbling castle held  
at bay  
The Moorish cannonaders: lest the foe  
Should see his broken walls, at close of day  
He hung a painted cloth, whereon were seen  
Lines of unbroken ramparts, while his men  
Rebuilt their weak defence; the canvas screen  
Beguiled his foes till succour came again.

Best of friends! if I should seem to you  
Vain and self-centred, if my lips have spoken  
Too flippant boasts and foolish mockeries,  
Know that in these same vanities I too  
Behind a screen am building ramparts broken  
By many a rush of fierce anities."

There are distinguished qualities in Mr. Riddehough's work, perhaps none more so than in his discriminating choice of words and the exquisite music of his rhythm. The last lines of "Abiding" illustrate this:

"... to my latest birth  
Changeless in mystic change I will continue  
To love you when the mountains of the earth  
Are dust along the roadways of the sun."

The collection ends with a sonnet on "Duty," which portrays the warfare of conflicting human desires, and the triumph of the ideal. It closes:

"Nor in this present hour that I foresaw

## WILL UTILIZE ALBERTA STRAW

New Company to Manufacture  
Paper From Straw—Great  
Boon to Farmers

An enterprise is being launched which will mean an important addition to the industries of this city, and a great boon to the farmers. It is to be known as the Western Canada Pulp and Paper Company, and will engage in the manufacture of paper from the straw that now goes to waste in such large quantities on our farms.

The utilization of this straw has engaged the attention of the Alberta trade commissioner, Mr. Howard Stutchbury, for some time past. Through the natural resources commissioner of the Canadian National Railways, he was brought into touch with the Bache-Wiig process, then being organized and tested in Montreal. These tests were conducted under the supervision of Mr. E. P. Cameron, the chief of the pulp and

paper division of the interior, with raw material supplied from Alberta. They were made with particular reference to the availability of a straw for the production of pulp suitable for the manufacture of newsprint. Mr. Cameron reported:

"Our results have shown that the claims for the production of this grade of paper are substantiated, and as far as the technicalities of the process are concerned they present no inherent difficulty to their commercial application. Other grades of paper have also been investigated, although not so thoroughly, with very satisfactory results. This report then serves its purpose in forming the foundation for commercial development, the first step of which should be a thorough study of all the conditions bearing on the project by a competent firm of consulting engineers, who should make a field study of the local conditions at the proposed site. I have no hesitation in saying that the results which we have accomplished, together with our analysis of the probable costs of a commercial production, amply warrant this further development."

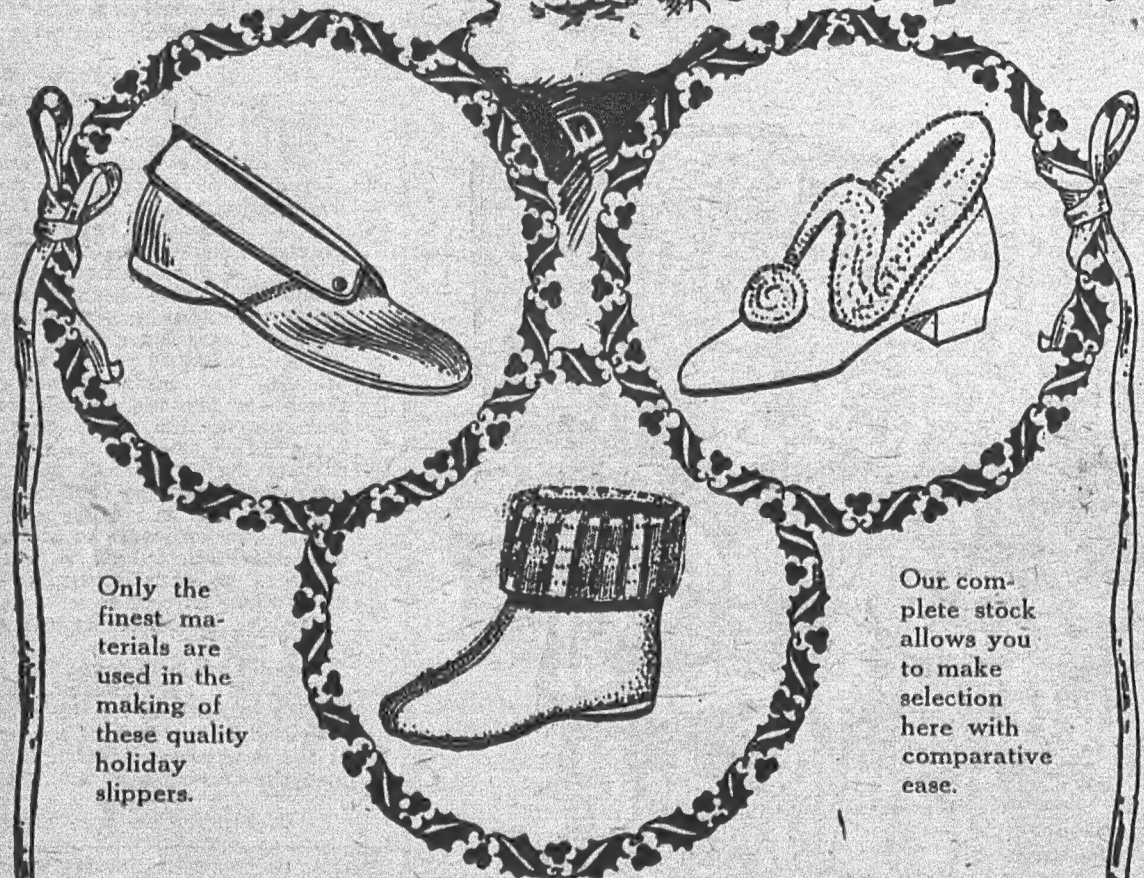
On the receipt of the report a prominent engineer was deputed to make a local survey. It showed that all the conditions were such as to justify the establishment of the industry. There were ample supplies of straw. Slack coal for fuel was available at a very reasonable price. Salt was available from the Fort McMurray wells in any desired quantity. Deposits of sodium sulphate within the province were such that they would be available in their natural state. Sulphur was the only chemical that would have to be imported. Skilled men were needed in only small numbers, but over four hundred inexperienced laborers would be necessary.

The provincial authorities expressed their fullest confidence in the success of the undertaking, and have proceeded to interest capital in it.

The straw will be required very early next summer, so pamphlets have been circulated to Alberta farmers advising them to have their straw baled in plenty of time.

—E. R. N.

## Gift-Slippers



Only the finest materials are used in the making of these quality holiday slippers.

Our complete stock allows you to make selection here with comparative ease.

What happier picture can you conceive—father's delight, mother's content and sister's or brother's cheer when they receive Slippers, such as these, for holiday gifts. They're practical gifts, appreciated gifts for the family.

FOR WOMEN  
From 95c.

FOR MEN  
From 95c.

FOR CHILDREN  
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GIFT HOSE  
Pure Thread Silk  
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GIFT HOSE  
Full Fashioned Chiffons  
and Serviceable Weights  
From \$1.75

## Gift Suggestions

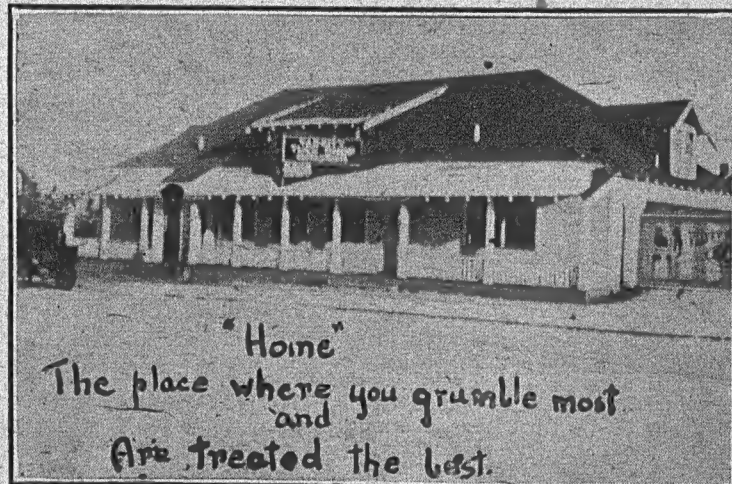
FOR THE FOLKS AT HOME

Silk Ties	75c to \$2.00
Mufflers	\$2.25 to \$4.50
Shirts	\$2.25 to \$6.50
Belts	\$1.50 to \$2.50
Socks	75c to \$2.00
Cuff Links	50c to \$2.00
Fancy Sport Shirts	\$5.00 to \$9.00

And do not forget a nice  
Double Breasted Blue Serge for yourself at  
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The place where you grumble most  
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Are treated the best.

COME TO

## THE TUCK SHOP

TO FILL

YOUR EMPTY SPACES



ALL GIFTS NEATLY  
BOXED

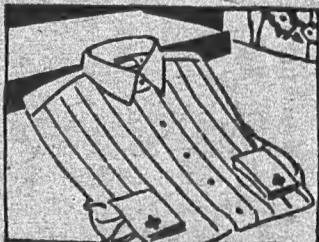
## BELTS

A combination gift box of Belt and Buckle would make a wonderful gift.



## MUFFLERS

New modish Mufflers in fine cashmere wool. Checks and overplaids are the outstanding patterns for this season.

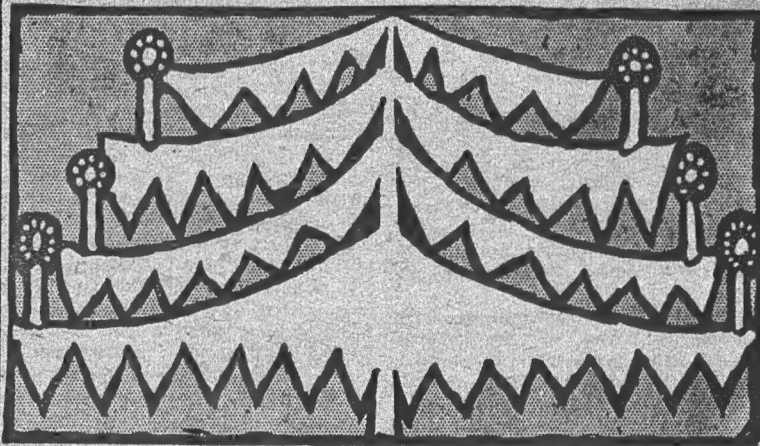


## SHIRTS

Everything that is in vogue—dress shirts for formal wear; dressy shirts for day wear; new collar to match styles, and sport shirts for sport wear.

## Christmas Suggestions

COME, CHOOSE, SURPRISE HIM!

POINTERS  
THAT PLEASE

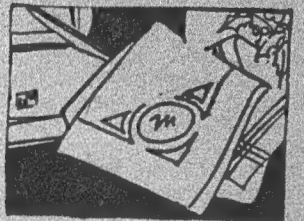
MAKE THIS HEADQUARTERS FOR YOUR  
CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

The Gift Shop for  
Young Men

ZWICKER'S

## "THE BOYS' SHOP"

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ALL GIFTS NEATLY  
BOXED

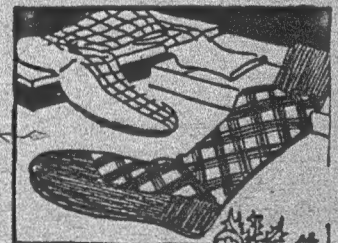
## HANDKERCHIEFS

These have become quite an item of fashion these days since the vogue of wearing fancy ones in the breast pocket is the thing.



## NECKWEAR

A special holiday array of fine Cravats, new knitted effects in intricate weavings; silk crepe and hand-loomed designs.



## HOSIERY

Lively, almost flashy effects are the real clever things in Hosiery. We've a lot that are startlingly pleasing.



## SWEATERS

Every man can use more than one sweater these days, so even if he has one you may be sure another will be most acceptable. We've all the new weaves.

THE PHILOSOPH.  
GOES CLIMBING

Miss Gold Tells of Mountain Climbing in Alps and Rockies

"The cult of mountain worship is a very old one," said Miss Gold in her address "On Climbing a Mountain," which she gave at the meeting of the Philosophical Society on Wednesday afternoon.

## Creed of Mountain Worship

Miss Gold went on to say that this cult has one principle creed. This is a certain belief in the power of mountain valleys and summits to cleanse the mind. "The only ritual in this cult is the simple act of raising the eyes to the everlasting hills and worshipping in spirit the Presence of High Places."

## Gods of the Mountain

In ancient times the Jews seemed to understand this cult best, but the Greeks also placed their gods on Mount Olympus and chose Mount Parnassus as the home of the Nine Muses.

## Adventure of Middle Ages

In the middle ages a life of adventure was the all-important thing, but later, as a life of fighting became less fashionable, men's minds turned to the adventures of body and mind in scaling high places. Owing to the awe in which native peasants held the mountains which surrounded them, adventurers from afar were the first real explorers of mountains. One of the first to show interest in the mountains at his door was De Saussure, who cherished an ambition to climb Mount Blanc himself or see it climbed in his day. He offered a reward to the climber who first scaled it. Jacques Balmat received the reward in 1786.

## The Alps

"The Alps are now the summer and winter playground of Europe. In the summer of 1922, a party of five members of the Canadian Alpine Club, among them Miss Gold herself, met at Chamounix in the French Alps. They climbed Mount Blanc, crossed over the Col du Seigne pass into Italy, and climbed to the top of Gran Paradiso, the highest mountain in the Italian Piedmont.

Miss Gold described the beauty of Alpine peaks and valleys, the quaintness of the picturesque little towns, and the happy, contented life of the peasant who lives there.

## The Rockies

"Though the subtle charm of what is foreign is lacking in the Rockies,

LAWYERS DINE AT  
MACDONALD HOTEL

A. A. McGillivray delivers Principal Address at Law Club Banquet

The Law Club held its fifth annual banquet on December 4 at the Macdonald hotel. A large number of graduates, members of the Bench and of the Bar were present.

## Mr. McGillivray's Address

Mr. A. A. McGillivray, K.C., of Calgary, gave the address of the evening, speaking on the criticisms which laymen level at the Bar.

The first was that many think lawyers are unnecessary. The speaker showed conclusively that they are essential in every civilized country, and that they have evolved naturally in response to a very real demand for trained pleaders to present the cases fairly to the court.

Then, he said, lawyers are accused of being willing to take any kind of case at all. Under our system of justice a man is innocent until he is proven guilty. It thus follows that everyone is entitled to have the facts of his case properly placed before the court. It is for the court to judge the man, not the lawyers.

Then it is said lawyers will take advantage of technicalities to have their clients acquitted. Our law has grown up together with a number of formalities which have been thought necessary to safeguard the interests of the majority of the people. Such rules should not, then, be waived just because some slight injustice is worked an individual in an occasional case.

## The Toasts

T. L. Cross proposed the toast to the Province. J. D. Adam proposed the toast to the Bench, to which Mr. Justice Ford and His Honour Judge Morrison responded.

Dr. Tory replied to E. B. Wilson's toast to the University, while R. E. McLaughlin replied to the toast to the Bar. Dean Weir and Mr. Dixon-Craig accepted J. C. Marshall's toast to the faculty.

there are all the compensations of feeling that the grandeur is your own, and that you have a small part in discovering perhaps something new in the unfrequented and magnificent High Places of your own land."

## Beautiful Slides

At the conclusion of her address, Miss Gold showed some very interesting and beautiful slides of the Alps and the Rockies.

THE MARIA CHAPDELAINÉ  
COUNTRY TODAY

(Continued from page one)

falls it spreads out into a placid stream nearly a mile wide and passes gently by the little village of Peribonka a few miles before joining the lake.

Here the road runs along the river edge at the top of a high bank and the houses line the inner side in a straggling row connected by a crooked sidewalk of lean planks on edge. Interest centres on the old wooden church and the stone alongside commemorating Louis Hémon. On a hot summer day, with the mosquitoes lazily about, it is very peaceful indeed. But in the early evening, the visit of the steamer from Roberval across the lake, and later the ringing of the church bell for vespers reveals the fact that the men have returned from the fields, and the women completed their household tasks, for they are now to be seen on their way to the church which is just opposite the little red wharf.

The curé usually goes down himself to see the boat come in, and then returns to toll the bell. This is the church where Maria Chapdelaine is first introduced to the readers of the book with her name. Contrary to the indication given in the final chapter, Maria has remained unmarried and lives with a relative two miles down the road from the church. Her true name is Eva Bouchard, and she often comes to the little inn in the village which is kept by her brother-in-law, Samuel Bedard, and her sister, "Alma Rose." Maria is slim and of medium height, dark complexioned, with brown eyes, and her black hair is now tinged with gray. Her mien is dignified and her manner kind. She is bright and cheerful, and a popular visitor with her sister, Alma Rose, and also with all those who stay under her hospitable roof. Alma Rose reminds one of Madame Chapdelaine. They do not know any

## The Play Is Not The Thing

Once again the students have enjoyed themselves. The occasion was the presentation of the Inter-Year Plays. Why this was chosen as the occasion is hard to realize, as so many people, and perhaps a few students, paid to see the plays and hear the lines. But the plays were not the things. They only presented an opportunity for the students to enjoy themselves. They shouted, screeched, made strange noises, yearning with year for superiority, without apparent result, until at last they reached the true level of their enjoyment—they started barking. I was going to say like dogs, but even

dogs bark much better. And all through the atmosphere created by the unmusical mob, the players struggled and struggled well.

The plays themselves were quite good. Many will think some poor, some better; but, all in all, the plays were satisfactory. The candlesticks being apparently as good as ever, even though presented so often.

The players are to be congratulated on staying with their jobs, and in the face of adverse circumstances, finishing their jobs.

There were moments in the plays in which laughter was supposed to

English. But Telesphore (in the story Maria's younger brother and now a handsome young man of about twenty-two years) is able to do very able about the place. He also knows well in conversation, and is invaluable spots in the river where the fish are wont to gather and is an excellent guide.

There was a curious old piano in the parlor of the inn, and of an evening all would gather for music and singing if it happened that a guest was able to play; for the French-Canadian is passionately fond of music, and these folks are no exception. One evening, after several pieces had been played on the instrument, Alma Rose (Madame Bedard) suggested a song for all. Opening a drawer she carefully withdrew a copy of "Maria Chapdelaine," and opening it at the place where old Samuel Chapdelaine is singing to his children on Christmas Eve and he is asked to sing "A la Claire Fontaine," while Maria is telling her beads, showed it to the stranger and asked that it be played. They all

joined in heartily except Maria; she listened to the melancholy love plaint and her thoughts must have been far off as she turned her face away. "The melody and the words are equally touching; the refrain replete with tender melancholy—for it is only to pure hearts this song appeals," wrote Hémon.

A la claire fontaine  
M'en allant promener,  
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle  
Que je m'y suis baigné  
Il y a longtemps que je t'aime—  
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

Sur le plus haute branche,  
Le rossignol chantait.  
Chante, rossignol, chante  
Toi qui as le cœur gai,  
Il y a longtemps que je t'aime—  
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

Tu as le cœur à rire,  
Moi je le l'ai à pleurer.  
J'ai perdu ma maîtresse  
Sans pouvoir la retrouver  
Pour un bouquet de roses  
Que je lui refusai  
Il y a longtemps que je t'aime—  
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

—an unforgettable evening!

Later, as the track of the moon glistened between the slender trunks of silvery birches on the river bank and all was beautiful and still, it was hard to picture the grim struggle against the formidable woods, the blizzards and deep snows, which all these people were making year after year. Yet the tragedies and hardships are met with that high courage and cheerfulness which make French-Canadians kin to all those pioneers in this Western land who cause Nature to yield to the will of man.

L. H. N.

come, the lines being arranged to produce laughter. Did the laughter always come at these moments? No! It came, oftentimes, at moments which utterly betrayed the capacity of the students to appreciate good performances and put them in the class of the man who always enjoys a good show, only when he has paid \$2.50 for his seat.

There were many incidents which occurred in the presentation of the plays—not in the plays—which were good for a nice quiet laugh. For instance, in the Bishop's Candlestick, the immense military individuals barged in with Jean Valjean at their finger tips and completely blocked the doorway. So well did they block it that the miniature sergeant had an awful time getting in; finally succeeding, it appeared, by crawling under an arm of one of the giants. One marvels how he kept his trick hat on.

Again, you probably heard, midst the din, that during the "Voices" play the weather was damnable. So Keith said, "Yet Keith, when leaving Larry and Wanda for the last time, pushed off into the 'damnable weather' leaving his hat behind him on a chair.

The Dramatic Society are somewhat to blame. The intervals between the plays were unnecessarily long. Long enough for dogs to go to sleep in, but alas, long enough for the dogs to awaken. Therefore, it seems up to the Dramatic Society to shorten the interval and eliminate the bark.

An innovation was tried this year in an attempt to find what the students liked in the way of drama. A vote was taken for the best play, best actor and best actress. The Dramatic Society is not making public the voting except in so far as the winner in each class. It is understood that many voters voted as they would in a popularity contest. In many instances, it is believed, acting was not taken into consideration.

For example: With considerable thought you might remember the sister of Monseigneur the Bishop lighting the candlesticks and putting them on the table when the galleyslave was being fed. Sister received quite a few votes. Other players who did equally as much acting also received votes. It is not to be taken that the sister was not doing her part well. We do not mean that. We would point out that only those who had leading parts and who were required by their parts to do some acting should have been considered when the votes were being cast. If this should not be the case, then the sergeant surely must have won. His troop performed well. So once again, we take it, the task of measuring the student mind is too great. And again, once more, judging from the attitude of the students we must believe the play is not the thing.

—By I. C.



Foot of the Lower Falls of the Peribonka. A few hundred yards below this spot, Samuel Chapdelaine crossed on the loosening ice.



## VARSITY COMPETITION DISTURBS COLLEGE WOMEN

Whether women's teams should compete in intercollegiate games is a question that will come before the Athletic Association of American College Women next spring. College women the nation over are divided on the question, some preferring to continue the rule now in force prohibiting competition, while others would encourage varsity games.

Already the western schools are preparing "constructive" equivalents for use in place of intercollegiate competition. On October 30th Mills College, Stanford University and the University of California will meet for a play day. The nature of play day games has not been divulged, but the promoters insist that they will be "more in keeping with the ideals of the National Athletic Association than varsity competition because of their social values, because they do not neglect the masses, and because the competition is not sufficiently intensive to be physically harmful."

Barnard College, meanwhile, plans her annual intramural literary-athletic event—the Greek games. Sophomores and freshmen compete in a program defined as "an attempt to reproduce, as far as modern conditions permit, a classic festival." Contests in music, dance and lyrics are included as well as hurdling, discus throwing, a chariot race and the usual athletic games.—The New Student.

## TESTS DETERMINE CROP PLANTS THAT RESIST DROUGHT

A recent interview with the authorities of the Biochemical Laboratory of this University has resulted in the disclosure of some interesting results of experiments dealing with the resistance of plants to drought. The department is still engaged in this research, and are far from its completion, but the discoveries to date are of valuable importance in themselves.

This drought-resisting ability of certain plants has for a long time attracted the attention of scientific observers, but only in recent years have investigators realized that such qualities are of great economic importance. Especially is this the case in Western Canada, where large belts of semi-arid country are producing limited crops owing to low moisture supply. Right in this province of Alberta the need is increasingly felt for those forage and cereal crop plants which have the highest capacity to resist drought.

**Long Series of Experiments**  
From the time when this demand first made itself evident, experiment has been carried on in testing plots of varieties of the commonest crop plant to determine their relative ability to thrive under semi-arid conditions. The experiments have had many practical and valuable results, but they do not throw any light on the real nature of the adaptation of plants to drought. Without knowledge of what qualities a good drought resister has that a poor one lacks, the essential problem of plant improvement is unsolvable.

To meet this situation, and to enlarge our scientific knowledge of the drought problem, an investigation is being carried out here at the University under the direction of Dr. Robert Newton, through the financial assistance of the National Research Council. Mr. W. M. Martin is conducting most of the actual experimental work. The aim of this research is to discover the relationship between physics and chemistry as applied to crop plants and their relative resistance to drought. In conjunction with this, physical or chemical tests are being sought whereby the relative ability of plants to resist drought may be quickly and accurately determined in the laboratory. The time factor in these tests is a very important one, for the long de-

## What's Doing

**Saturday, Dec. 18—**  
Christmas Banquet (evening), Athabasca Hall.  
**Sunday, Dec. 19—**  
University Service, 11:00, Convocation Hall.  
**Monday, Dec. 20—**  
Varsity vs. Superiors, hockey (evening).  
**Wednesday, Dec. 22—**  
Philosophical Society, 8:15.

lays suffered under the old trial-and-error method would thus be eliminated. It is estimated that the time required for plant improvement work would be reduced by many years if a laboratory test were discovered.

The work on frost resistance in plants, started at the University of Minnesota and now being carried on here, has offered a valuable clue to the drought problem, as it is found that similar features exist in both problems. In either case, death of plants occurs through desiccation, or drying, of the living cells. In the former problem, desiccation occurs by water being extracted by the force of crystallization, and in the latter through force of evaporation under conditions of physiological drought.

While the great importance of the structural features of plants as regards drought resistance is recognized by those conducting this research, they have devoted their energies toward the investigation of the physiological features, as being the more universal standard from which to work. Ten species of our common bread wheats, and several of our cultivated and native grasses have been studied with respect to the properties of their cell fluids. The properties determined include: the solid content of cell fluids, bound-water values or imbibitional capacity, cell colloids, crystalloidal and colloidal content by dialysis or gold number, osmotic pressure, electrical conductivity, and hydrogen-ion concentration.

The experiments show that osmotic pressure varied directly with the physiological scarcity of water. But, as the role of osmotic pressure is not to reduce water losses, but to increase the powers of absorption, the crux of the matter evidently lies elsewhere.

It has been found to be more nearly in the relative bound-water values of all fluids. The order in which these values occur coincides very closely with each plant known resistance to drought. Thus it is concluded that there is a marked relationship between the imbibitional or water binding capacity of the hydrophilic colloids contained in the cells and their ability to resist drought.

## Can Identify Drought Resisting Plants

These results indicate that the possibility of identifying drought resistant strains in the laboratory. With such methods at his disposal the plant improver may identify the progeny of crosses, and retain only those which give promise to these very satisfactory results, the progress made to date have opened up a very large field for further research in plant biochemistry.

## THEOLOGS HOLD FIRST MEETING

Dr. C. Jackson Read Paper on "Showing Up of Blanco Posnet"

At the first regular meeting of the "Theologs' Club," held at the home of Dr. MacEachran on the evening of December 1st, Dr. C. Jackson was the speaker.

In his opening remarks Dr. Jackson referred to the rise of the "Theologs' Club." "For the sixteen or seventeen years that Theology has been taught on this campus," said the speaker, "the students in Theology have been a (very) nondescript group. Not but that they were here—in the beginning!" They saw the rise of the Students' Union, the Dramatic, Literary, Medical, and Agricultural Societies, and others. But there was no organization which was theirs in their own right. The result has been, I think, that the Theological student of the past has gone his way somewhat aloof and apologetic; and the impact of that group upon the life of the University has been all but negligible. And the Theological student has suffered loss."

"I must congratulate you on the rise of your club," went on Dr. Jackson. "I say to you, 'Noblesse Oblige!'"

## Drama by Shaw

Following these preliminary remarks, Dr. Jackson read an instructive and enjoyable paper on the drama by Mr. George Bernard Shaw, "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet." This drama was written in 1903, but it was not until 1921 that it was licensed to be played; even then it was licensed with the condition that certain passages be omitted in representation.

The object of Dr. Jackson in giving this paper was to show what a wealth of material there is at hand for the minister in the novelist and dramatist of our own day. "Sincere authors and playwrights know life—modern life—intimately," he said, "for in the great novels and dramas of our day—and there are such—are the acute observations of these lay preachers. The hold up the mirror to life and you should look in. The best seller and the popular play, I think you should know."

A discussion followed the reading of the paper, after which refreshments were served.

## ECHOES

By Pen Dix

The night was cold and in the sky, The pale moon turned a lonely eye Upon the earth, all white with snow, That glittered in the moonlight's glow.

Across the river by the bridge, Marking the sleeping city's edge, The many lamps in beaded lines Shone as a constellation shines In little groups, while far beneath The river, gripped by Winter's breath, Lay like a long deserted trail That only hears the ghostly wail Of winter winds among the pines Loosed from the North's austere confines.

Across the bridge in haste I sped, The city long had gone to bed. Only the lone belated car, Hastening homeward from afar, Passed swiftly like a meteor light, To vanish in the silent night. The moonlight flooded down upon The campus, white with snow. It shone.

Upon the buildings as I passed, And unfamiliar shadows cast. Then as by Convocation Hall Echoed my footsteps muffled fall, There fell upon my casual glance, A mystic light. It seemed to dance From window-pane to window-pane, A light no mortal could explain, A strange, unearthly shapeless glow, It made my blood like mill-race flow, So that I stopped with bated breath, Feeling the awful wings of death.

The light went out and all was black, The blood into my heart flowed back, And with amazement in my mind, I sought an earthly cause to find. I know not how I made my way Into the building dark and gray. But somehow I was in the Hall, Of ghostly footstep seemed to come, Like echoes from a hollow tomb. The dark expanse of curtain swayed, Lit by the many moonbeams frayed, And from the organs vasty deeps Music arose in gusty sweeps. I could not move, I dare not speak, I feared to hear the sudden creak Of doors. The sweat of awful fear Stood on my head, while on my ear Louder and surer rose the sound Of footsteps moving round and round.

The spirit of the organ woke With some unearthly power it spoke. And with tempestuous rise and fall Swelled the sublime "Dead March" from "Saul!"

Then as I stood in fearful doubt I seemed to see a ghostly rout Returning homeward from the war, Rank upon rank in files of four. The music faded, and the tramp Flickered and died like gutted lamp. Then of a sudden in my ear A clarion voice I seemed to hear— "We are the dead, short time ago, 'We lived, saw dawn, felt sunset glow.'"

(My heart was cold within my breast) "If ye break faith we shall not rest."

"You of the University, 'We died that you might still be free, 'We died that sound of war might cease."

"We died that you might live in peace! 'And yet within these walls why beat 'The sounds of marching and the bleat."

"Of bugles, and the clank of arms 'That speak of war and war's alarms. 'This hall devoted to the Muse 'Designed alone for noble use."

"Where Art from all restriction freed 'Should serve the nobler nature's creed; 'Where only music should be heard 'And never voice should utter word."

"Except to liberate mankind, 'And dignify the human mind, 'Resounds each day with raucous shout."

"Of martial voice, and in and out 'The marching squads with heavy foot."

"Turn our dear victory to defeat. 'This is the curse we sought to lift, 'And gave our lives a willing gift. 'That man no more in senseless herd 'Should learn to kill at other's word. 'Let them not tell you, as of yore, 'If you'd have peace, prepare for war."

"We who have died that wars might cease 'Say, 'Peace be to those who nourish Peace.'"

The voice was still and silence fell. I left, and now I scarce can tell, So strange it was, 'twould almost seem Nought but the substance of a dream.

**EDITORIALS DISPLACED**  
A column of quotations from the Manhattan and Bronx telephone directory stared at the readers of the Columbia (U.) Spectator when they turned to their editorial page. Over the column, which gave names, residences and telephone numbers of a few New York "Smiths," was the heading "Casting Pearls." To those inquisitive enough to question Clifford E. Nobes, the Spectator's editor-in-chief, as to the meaning of the riddle, this answer was given: "Monday night my managing editor, George T. Scriba, and myself were expressing the view that few students read Spectator editorials, and that they would probably be just as likely to read an excerpt from the directory. So we tried it." — The New Student.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The Dramatic Society wishes to extend its most hearty thanks to all those who co-operated with and assisted it in making the Inter-Year Plays a success. S. G. MacDONALD, President, Dramatic Society.

## MR. D. E. CAMERON INTERPRETS THE STORY OF ELIJAH

The address at the Convocation Hall service, on Sunday, December 5th, was delivered by Mr. D. E. Cameron. Basing his remarks on chapter 15 of the First Book of Kings, Mr. Cameron said: "Many people of the present day do not understand or appreciate a Bible-story such as this. Yet the proper interpretation of such stories is as worth-while to us as the work of a geologist in solving the mystery of an unusual rock formation."

## Elijah at Mount Horeb

According to the older interpretation, Elijah journeyed to Mount Horeb, after a bold but futile attempt to overthrow the worship of Baal. While there he witnessed several supernatural occurrences, in the course of which he received specific instructions regarding his future plans, from God himself.

In the light of modern knowledge this story cannot be accepted literally; what, then, is its meaning?

## Modern Explanation

A probable explanation is that Elijah passed through a severe mental struggle (symbolised by the wind, the earthquake and the fire), and that gradually the "still small voice" of new ideas calmed his troubled mind. Since his first open attack on the worship of Baal had been ineffectual, he realized that he must resort to indirect means. Accordingly, he made a friend of a pretender to the Syrian throne, and stirred up revolution in Israel.

As a master-stroke, Elijah appointed as prophet in his place, Elisha, a man who would never be suspected of treacherous designs. In making these plans, he was obliged to take into consideration the support which he was likely to receive from the people. In such a dangerous undertaking he had to depend on those who were extremely intolerant and radical. He therefore sought support from the "sons of the prophets," the Nazarenes and the Rechabites, and with their assistance he was eventually successful in gaining his end.

## THE WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB OF TORONTO

Literary Competition, 1926-27

The annual prize of \$100 will be awarded by the Women's Canadian Club of Toronto for the best work submitted on the following subject: "The Inner Canada: A portrait study."

## Conditions

1. The contest is open to professional and non-professional writers alike throughout the Dominion.
2. With the proviso that it be prose, of a maximum limit of three thousand words, the form of the work is left to the discretion of the writer.
3. The manuscript must be typewritten, on one side only, and unsigned. The name and address of the writer must be enclosed in a separate sealed envelope.
4. Manuscripts will be returned to the writer if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed under separate seal.
5. Manuscripts should be addressed to the secretary of the Women's Canadian Club of Toronto, 31 Bloor St. East, and should be sent by registered mail.
6. All manuscripts must be delivered as directed on or before March 1, 1927.

**Note.**—At a moment when, within and without our borders, emphasis is being laid upon the material assets of our country, the Women's Canadian Club of Toronto desires to concentrate attention and study upon aspects of national character, its heritage and implications. Judgment of pieces submitted will be based upon depth and inclusiveness of substance, and clarity and insight of treatment.

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## PHARMACY CLUB BANQUET GOES OVER THE TOP

Popular Graduates Return to City to Attend Enjoyable Affair

The committee of the Pharmacy Club of the University of Alberta are to be congratulated on the success of their annual banquet, which was held in the Macdonald hotel on December 2nd.

The representatives of the Alberta Pharmaceutical Association present were Mr. P. W. Heath, President; Mr. M. R. Maybank, Registrar, and many other well known members. The School of Pharmacy was also well represented by Professor F. A. Stewart Dunn, Mr. W. Matthews, the members of the Pharmacy Club, and a number of graduates.

After the guests had done full justice to the excellent "Historical Menu of Pharmacy," the Honorary

President of the Club, Professor Dunn, as toastmaster for the evening, proposed a toast to "The King," which was honored in the customary manner.

### Business Will Prosper

Mr. Merrick, in proposing the toast to "The Profession," dealt with business prosperity, which is a portion of what he termed the "business cycle." According to his deductions, gleaned from a long experience and a keen insight into the drug business, of which profession he is a very prominent member, the coming years of '27, '28, '29 and even '30 are to be banner years in every form of business.

The toast to "The Faculty" was proposed by the club president, Jerry Bullock, who briefly dealt with the high teaching qualities of the staff. Professor Dunn, in replying, thanked Mr. Bullock for the kind remarks, on behalf of the staff.

Of the alumni present, of course, "Toughy" and "Bert" Graves were quite evident. The former, in the role of advisor to those in the graduating class, received a great ovation. Bert Graves spoke of the pitfalls in the life of a young druggist, and warned the graduates to be constantly on guard.

### Musical Program

Nor was the musical side of the evening lacking. Mr. Gourlay at the ivories, Mr. Pawling at the drums and Mr. Meters with the sax, went to make up a splendid orchestra. M. L. Shore and F. Gourlay each with a pianoforte solo; the first year "Bow-Wows" with their inimitable poise and stage deportment in a light parody; F. Hedderick and T. Cooper with the very latest Charlestoning; H. E. Waterbury with the ever-acceptable step dance; and last but not very far from least, the renowned Tom Millward in combined roles of Lauder, Service, Al Jolson, Ben Turpin, Clara Butt, Charlie Chaplin, Matheson Lang and Mary Pickford, brought up the rear of the evening's entertainment.

With the Pharmacy yell as a last display of that type of energy synonymous with "Pharmacy of '27," the banquet went out for another year.

PATRONIZE GATEWAY ADVERTISERS

## C. O. T. C.



### CONTINGENT ORDERS

Part I, No. 25-26, by Lieut.-Colonel F. A. Stewart Dunn, Commanding U. of A. Contingent, C.O.T.C.

Dec. 11, 1926.  
All parades of the Unit on the following dates are hereby cancelled:

Tuesday, December 21.  
Thursday, December 23.  
Tuesday, December 28.  
Thursday, December 30.

Para. 123.—Orderly Duties, Period Jan. 1-8, 1927

Orderly Officer for the week: Lieut. B. W. Banks.

Next for Duty: Lieut. W. G. K. Bloor.

Orderly Sergt. for the Week: Sgt. G. S. Field.

Next for Duty: Sgt. J. R. B. Jones.

Para. 124.—Parades, Tuesday, January 4, 1927

Band (Brass) will parade in Room 404 Arts Building, with instruments, at 4:30 p.m. sharp.

Dress: Civilian clothes.

Syllabus: Instruction, Lieut. and Bandmaster W. B. Cromarty.

Band (Bugle), as for Band (Brass).

Certificate "A" Infantry will parade in Room 142 Medical Building, at 4:30 p.m. sharp; bring note books.

Dress: Civilian clothes.

Syllabus: Lecture, "Protection at Rest" (references: I.T., Vol. II, 1921, chap. 2, ss. 21-30 incl.; F.S.R., Vol. II, 1924, ch. 7, ss. 55-56).

Certificate "A" Medicine, as for Certificate "A" Infantry.

Lewis Gunners will parade at 4:30 p.m. sharp, in A-139.

Dress: Civilian clothes without side arms.

Syllabus: Instruction, Lieut. G. Riddelough.

Signallers will parade at 4:30 p.m. sharp, in A-135.

Dress: Civilian clothes without side arms.

Syllabus: Instruction, Lieut. F. Kunst.

"B" Company will parade at 4:30 p.m. sharp, in Convocation Hall.

Dress: Civilian clothes with side arms.

Syllabus: Rifle exercises and squad drill.

Para. 125.—Parades, Thursday, January 26, 1927

A muster parade of the Unit will be held in Convocation Hall at 4:30 p.m. sharp on the above-mentioned date. Every member of the Unit must be present.

Dress: Uniforms with side arms.

Syllabus: Inspection by Officer Commanding.

Para. 126.—Special Instructions, Thursday, Jan. 6, 1926

Band (Brass) will parade on stage.

Band (Bugle), as for Band (Brass).

## A Christmas Book

"In such event as it should come to pass, that the Nativity of the Young Lord Jesus and the great glory of the full moon shall so converge, then indeed, for this night shall all the dross of the world be changed to shiningness! So that even the sin which thou sinnest shall be strung with the bells of Foolishness rather than with the thorn of Evil Intent! And thy tears, even though thou weepst, they shall be at least Silver Tears! And thy heart, even though it breaketh, it shall at least break singing."

The book was small and in red leather bound. All delicately tooled with finest gold. On pages of illumined vellum lay the quaint and perfumed message that it told.

Around the first great capital there blazed A picture of the humble birth of Christ.

Where the great Magi reverent knelt to give Their gifts, most fragrant, rare and highly priced.

Through the low doorway gleamed the dark blue sky, Powdered with little silver stars, and bright

With the high glory of that comet, which Had led the Kings through the Judean night.

Mary reclined in the soft golden straw,

And, in her arms, the infant Jesus lay,

Before them, knelt the Kings, in blue and gold,

Who'd come from far their homage here to pay.

"In such event," the little booklet said,

"As on the birth night of our gracious Lord

The moon rise silver, clear and at the full,

All shall be silver, songs or tears outpoured."

"And though you sin, your sin shall be arrayed

In bells of folly, not the evil thorn; And though you weep in deepest sorrow, then

Your tears shall fall like silver as your mourn.

"And though your heart should be so cruelly torn

As that it should with helpless sorrow break,

At least, because of this conjunction strange,

It will, in breaking, sweetest music make."

—L. C. D. C.

## The Debate -- Cambridge vs. Alberta IMPRESSIONS

By Rev. Thomas Tait

"Were you at the debate the other evening? Interesting, wasn't it?" This is the kind of social formula which I have heard several times since the event on the 6th. It is pleasantly breezy, but not particularly critical. True as far as it goes, of course; for the charm that belongs to youth and culture cannot fail to invest with interest any conflict of brain over a subject which carries on the face of it a popular appeal. It is a good omen in the life of a city when hundreds of the citizens are attracted by the announcement of an academic debate; and the omen is all the better if after the event some voices are heard expressing some critical discrimination. Even an expression of disappointment is welcome, for we are ever learning, and we want to know the minus as well as the plus points in order that we may do better next time.

Apart from the merits of the debate itself, there is one broad contrast which must have impressed that large and eagerly interested audience—the contrast of method and style between Alberta and Cambridge. Alberta was serious, steady and tenacious; Cambridge was playful, glancing and somewhat carelessly versatile. The thinking power was not all on the one side, nor the sprightly wit all on the other. Alberta's logic was a rushing stream lit by an occasional ripple of sunlight; Cambridge suggested rather the dance of the fairies in some tropical grove. Equal, as may be assumed, in potentiality, the two sides differed in display. Alberta's seriousness might well be cultivated by Cambridge for the sake of argumentative satisfaction; while the freedom, resilience, and gay lightness of touch—manifested so engagingly on the Cambridge side—would add immensely to the appeal of Alberta's strength. Of course, serious things ought to be treated seriously, but there are circumstances in which even serious things may be taken too seriously.

A second impression conveyed by the speeches was that the speakers held too faithfully to what they had prepared in anticipation of the conflict. A debate is more likely to serve its purpose when each debater, having mastered his subject, holds his mind free to follow the stream of the debate. After the opening speech—which is the one most carefully to be prepared, though not therefore committed to memory—the other speeches ought to swing with the utmost freedom. Any sacrifice of the niceties of diction is more than compensated for by the salience and vigour of thrust and parry.

To these impressions a third may be added, not by any means unimportant: the cultivation of voice for public discourse. As the speaker's chief medium of expression, the voice deserves far more training than it receives, and none of the debaters would be any the worse for a vocal training that would greatly enhance the value of his appeal. The limits of a brief comment forbid any detailed examination of the merits and defects of voice displayed in the speeches. A few lines must be reserved for the debate itself.

Mr. E. W. Burnsden acquitted himself admirably as the opener of

(Continued on page 12.)

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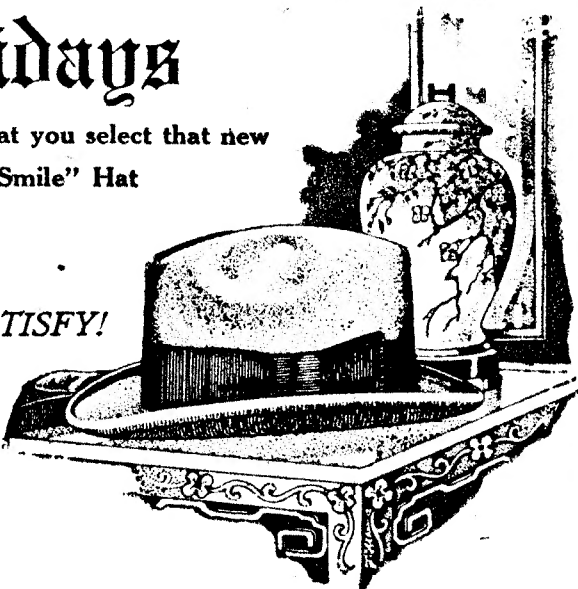
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## REFERENCES FOR GATEWAY'S RESEARCH COMPETITION

For the convenience of the candidates who have entered the Gateway's Research Competition on the Development of the Coal Industry in Alberta, all the references which have been published in the columns of this paper are being republished in this article. New references will also be found in this list, and this material can be obtained at the University Library.

As well as considering actual conditions and facts as they exist, the candidates will no doubt estimate the probable rate of growth in the demand for coal from year to year in Canada; the probable variations in costs, either from year to year or as between winter and summer; or the problem of selecting the more favorable times for marketing securities of new or consolidated companies. This, of course, is the problem of business forecasting, and being an important branch of Applied Economics there is a great deal of material which is available to the candidates. To facilitate the work along these lines the following material is suggested, which material can be obtained upon personal application to the University Librarian.

1. Review of Economic Statistics (Harvard) for 1919 and since January, 1923. The 1919 volume explains the basis of the forecasting system developed by Professor Warren M. Persons, and used since then by the Harvard Economic Service.
2. "The Problem of Business Forecasting." Persons and Associates.
3. "Problems in Business Economics." Vanderblue.
4. "The Purchasing Power of the Consumer, A Statistical Index." Berridge, Winslow and Flinn.
5. "Cycles of Unemployment." Berridge.
6. "Statistical Methods." Jerome.
7. "Introduction to Statistics." Crum, W. L.
8. "Graphical Methods in Presenting Business Statistics." Riggelman.
9. "Business Cycles and Unemployment."
10. "The Making of Index Numbers." Fisher.

The references which were published in previous issues and the new references along similar lines are as follows:

1. Report of Alberta Coal Commission, 1926.
2. Report of Alberta Coal Commission, 1918.
3. Report of United States Coal Commission, 1923.
4. Report of Alberta Mines Branch, 1920-26.
5. Report of Dominion Fuel Board.
6. Report of Dominion Fuel Controller, 1919.
7. Report of Alta. Research Council, Nos. 3, 5, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16.
8. Reports of Dominion Coal Statistics, 1920-25.
9. Report of Senate Committee, 1923.
10. Report of Dominion House of Commons Committee, 1923 and 1925.
11. "The Fuel Problem in Canada," Leslie R. Thompson. Journal of Eng. Inst. Can., February, 1926.
12. "The Case of Bituminous Coal," Hamilton.
13. "Canada's Coal Problem," C. V. Corless; Can. Inst. Mining and Metallurgy, 1921.
14. "Coal Transportation," M. A. McInnes; Can. Inst. Mining and Metallurgy, 1920.
15. "A Chemical Survey of Alberta Coal," by E. Stansfield—reprints are in the University Library.
16. "Geology of Alberta Coal," by John A. Allan—reprints are in the University Library.
17. "Report of the Royal Commission of the Coal Industry," 1925, Volume I. Chapters on Structure of the Industry, Nationalization of Mines, Royalties, Summary.
18. Coal Mining Regulations. Department of the Interior, Ottawa.
19. Mines Act. Province of Alberta.

Candidates should always remember that the solution of the problem is the most important factor in the essay. After having made their deductions from authentic sources, they should outline a feasible plan for the development of the Coal Industry in Alberta.

At a meeting to be arranged for early in January, Mr. John Imrie, of the Edmonton Journal, will discuss the coal problem from a national viewpoint. Mr. Imrie has consented to review the coal situation for the benefit of the candidates in the Research Competition. He is peculiarly qualified to discuss this problem, and considerable benefit should be obtained from his lecture.

All the essays should be mailed to Dr. D. A. MacGibbon, chairman of the board of judges, on or before March 15th, 1927. The essays should also be unsigned but identified by a special mark or number. The name corresponding to the mark or number should be enclosed under separate cover and mailed to Dr. MacGibbon with the envelope marked "Competition" in the lower left-hand corner.





# Wishing you all A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

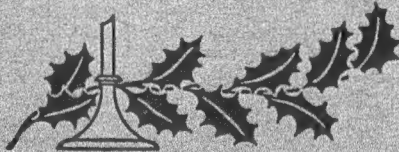
JOS. L. TYRRELL,  
MANAGER.

A detailed black and white illustration of a winter landscape. On the left, a large, dark evergreen tree stands prominently. In the background, a small cabin with a chimney is nestled among trees. The foreground shows a snowy field with some bare trees. The entire scene is framed by a decorative border of holly leaves and berries. In the top corners of the frame, there are circular medallions containing profiles of Native American figures wearing feathered headdresses.

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## Pleasure Island

(Junior Promenade)

"Ship ahoy!"  
 "Ho, landlubber!"  
 "What ship is that?"  
 "This is the good ship 'Junior Prom' bound for Pleasure Island. What would you?"  
 "I would have passage with you to this place."  
 "The pass-word?"  
 "Four Bloody Bones of Black Bart."  
 Sounds could be heard from the lower deck. Two or three silhouettes scurried from the rigging down to the yard-arm above me. A few raucous oaths and shouts broke the silence of the night, and soon I was on board. The anchor chain clanked loudly through the hawse-hole, sails were unfurled, and slowly the big galleon moved out across the sea.

Two hours passed before the island loomed before us. Quickly the sails were furled, the anchor weighed, and once more the huge bark rested quietly in the water.

Here, to my delightful surprise, hundreds of gay-clad young men and women strolled to and fro in an open clearing opposite where we lay.

Then suddenly I heard someone approaching close behind me. Upon turning round I could perceive in the darkness several as bloodthirsty looking cutthroats as ever sailed the Main, coming towards me, cutlasses swinging from their hips.

At first I was so taken aback that I was unable to move. Fascinated by their long, drooping moustaches and huge gold earrings, I stood, awe-stricken. Soon, however, I perceived they had no mal-intent, and, to my surprise, quietly seated themselves around the mainmast and began to play a variety of musical instruments.

Soft melody rose up from the darkness of the main deck, and, with one accord, the couples on the moon-lit beach danced softly to and fro.

One tall, rakish fellow on board, with a glass eye and weedy moustache, came from the fo'castle up to where I stood.

"Good evening," I greeted, somewhat doubtfully.

Shifting a huge quid of tobacco to one side of his face he spat, and said: "Split me in two, mate, but don't that strike you in the deadlights?"

"I should say so indeed. But what

are those bright marks yonder upon the four huge palm trees?"  
 "Hang me, friend, those are the meeting-places of the lovers. Ho! ho!" He laughed raucously, spat once more, and continued: "One for the Black Spot. You know the Black Spot, mate. 'Sdeath and thunder, the symbol of the doomed. Another for the Bones and Skull. Put out my eye, but there's a death's head. Little of the grinning skull and its two friends do yonder couples know. Cut out my liver mate, but I've buried hundreds of 'em. Then there is old Black Bart's Head. You know Black Bart, mate. The bloodiest cutthroat on the Main. With more murders nicked on his old flint-lock than this whole motley crew."

"Last of all, that tree to the south-west is Pieces of Eight. Innocent young 'uns. They don't know that under its roots lie a thousand gold doubloons. Many a gizzard has been spitted for them small marks, my friend."

Then, for the last time, the old pirate expectorated over the side of the ship into the deep, black waters, and rolled below.

How long I sat there watching the beautiful couples dance I cannot remember. Nothing else disturbed me, however, until the moon was high above, in the scintillating sky.

A wind rose from the east about three bells, and soon the galleon was once more moving out to sea. The shouts and skurrying above no longer disturbed me, and, to the sound of lapping waves against the huge ship's side, I fell asleep.

## EXCHANGE REVIEW

(By the Exchange Editor)

Our readers may not realize that each week The Gateway is read by over thirty universities and preparatory colleges on this continent. Nevertheless, we have this number of publications on our exchange list. Of these at least twenty-two are from Canadian universities; every province with the exception of Prince Edward Island being represented.

## The Varsity

From Ontario we receive five papers: The Varsity, published five days a week by the student organizations of Toronto University, combines local news with items of outside interest. It is an interesting and well planned paper.

We were pleased to receive recently a copy of the McMaster University Monthly. This publication, in magazine form, combines a literary section with news.

The University of Toronto Monthly is an alumni magazine similar to The Trail.

## Western U. Gazette

The Western U. Gazette is a splendid college paper. One of its attractions is a Woman's Page featuring

uring women's activities and items of interest to co-eds.

## Queens Journal

The Queens Journal is a weekly paper. It presents the news of Queens University in an interesting manner, particularly in the fields of sport.

The Canadian Student, edited and published by the members of the Student Christian Movement, exists to give utterance to the thought of students throughout Canada on vital matters.

Four publications are received from Quebec.

## McGill Daily

The McGill Daily is remarkable in that it does not confine itself to items of local interest only, but presents news of unusual interest. We enjoy particularly the thoughtful editorials.

The McGill Fortnightly Review, a new venture on the part of the university, is an independent journal of literature and student opinion. This is one of our most popular exchanges.

## French Publications

Two French publications, Le Quartier Latin from Montreal University, and Le Canada Français from Laval University, are received by us. As the Exchange Editor is not a French student, extracts from these papers do not appear in our exchange column. Nevertheless, those who are fortunate enough to be able to read these valuable papers pronounce them excellent reading.

## Nova Scotia Papers

Nova Scotia is well represented by three splendid papers: The Dalhousie Gazette presents its university news in a brilliant style. We note that it takes a lively interest in the Correspondence Column of The Gateway.

The Acadia Athenaeum is a literary magazine of high order.

The Xaverian Weekly, from St. Francis Xavier University, possesses a style all its own.

## Argosy Weekly

The Province of New Brunswick is represented by The Argosy Weekly from Mount Allison University, and the Brunswickian from the University of New Brunswick, Fredericton. We were particularly interested in the Argosy Graduation Number, published in magazine style. It corresponds to our Evergreen and Gold.

## Manitoba Semi-Weekly

The University of Manitoba is to be congratulated on the fact that it is now producing a semi-weekly paper. The quality of the Manitoba has not suffered by this change. It still maintains its reputation for clever editorials and well written news items. The exchange of editors with Dakota was a very successful venture.

## The Sheaf

The Sheaf, the official newspaper of the University of Saskatchewan, presents news chiefly of local interest.

## The Ubyssay

The Ubyssay from our neighboring university to the west of us is issued twice weekly. This paper, like many others on our exchange list, might be improved by interesting its readers in the events of other universities.

Other Canadian publications received are "Black and Gold" from St. John's College, Winnipeg, the U.F.A. Magazine, Calgary, and the "Managra," Manitoba Agricultural College.

## Cambridge Review

Our only overseas exchange this year has been the Cambridge Review from Cambridge University, England. This journal of university life and thought is very interesting. It presents news and literary articles, and is different from our other exchanges.

We receive many valuable exchange papers from the United States which are particularly interesting as they present new points of view and varying types of student activities.

The Rectangle is the official publication of the Sigma Tan Delta professional English Fraternity. It is a splendid paper, containing an excellent literary department.

## Dental Students' Magazine

Another interesting exchange paper is the Dental Students' Magazine, published for the undergraduate body and the last graduating class of the dental profession in America.

Other United States publications are: Spectrum, Agricultural College, North Dakota.

Hornet, Furman University, S.C.

Columbia Spectator, New York.

Puget Sound Trail.

Weekly Exponent, Montana State College.

Daily Californian, California.

Student Life, Utah Agricultural College.

Industrial Collegian, S. Dakota State College.

Old Gold and Black, Wofford College, Spartanburg, S.C.

## Gateway Exchange Column

From these many exchange papers The Gateway publishes each week extracts which are of interest to our readers. Those who are particularly interested in any of these papers will find copies of them on the reading shelf of the Men's Common Room and on the files of the Upper Wau-neta Room.

The Gateway Exchange Department takes this opportunity of acknowledging receipt of the exchange papers, and to extend to all papers the heartiest season's greetings.

## A CANADIAN LITERATURE?

By H. M.

Once again an audience at this University has been called upon to establish a Canadian literature. The frequent repetition of this plea is becoming rather annoying, as each time the subject is mentioned, two questions arise in our minds which the speakers never answer. They are, firstly, "Is a purely Canadian literature possible?" and secondly, "Granted that a Canadian literature is possible, will talking about it produce it?"

Of what consists this so-called Canadian literature? What is meant by a Canadian book? We presume that it is one written by a Canadian. If it is printed by an American publishing house does it cease to be a Canadian book? If it is printed by a Canadian publisher, but the scene lies south of the 49th parallel, is it still a Canadian book? If the author has gathered his material and written his book in Canada, but he now lives in a foreign country, is his book Canadian? If a writer already well established comes to Canada to reside, are some of his works a part of Canadian literature and the others not?

Those who talk so much about Canadian literature seem to think that a rigid line can be drawn placing Canadian books in a place by themselves. They fail to realize that as our literary constituency is that of the English-speaking world it is practically impossible to develop a purely Canadian literature. Canadian books must appeal to English readers all over the world—not just to Canadians. Our language and social conditions are the same as those of England and the United States. Apart from the question of allegiances and government the differences between Americans and Canadians are very small. We are almost one people, so how can the literature of our Dominion be a separate identity?

Our patriotic literature is so closely akin to that of England that it is impossible to draw a separating line. Those selections which appeal only to Canadians cannot be said to make up a Canadian literature, for a successful literature must be universal in appeal. The problem is not

## THE SPIRIT OF PEMBINA

Someone told me the other day that The Gateway had never printed anything complimentary to Pembina. I was mildly surprised by this remark, but on looking over past issues, I find that the statement is quite true.

However, Pembinites should not feel too badly about it; for the most influential people on The Gateway staff are men and we who are mere women should not expect too much of the "Lords of Creation." They've never lived in Pembina, poor dears, so how can we expect them to know?

The joys of Pembina are difficult to describe, because they cannot be measured in cash values, or summed up in definite scientific terms. It is not the fact that our rooms are warm and our table well spread. It is something less tangible than that. It is what the French would call L'esprit de Pembina, which makes life there ideal.

Of what, then, consists this spirit of Pembina. I believe the most potent factors are friendship and good-fellowship. Friendship depends on the number of associations which people have in common, and on similarity of tastes and ideals. In no other place may one meet so many congenial people. No matter what your tastes and ideals you are sure to meet a kindred spirit here.

Friendship is the greatest thing in life. Residence life provides an ideal background for the type of friendship which lasts. We eat together, we sleep together, we work together, we play together. Best of all, we quarrel and still are friends. Friendship which survives these tests will surely last forever.

Pembina has been accused of fostering a tendency toward cliques. It is true that the residence girls are divided into more or less marked groups. This is due to two inevitable conditions. In the first place, the large number of girls makes it impossible for everyone to be intimate with everyone else. The other factor which fosters cliques is common interest.

If I play hockey, my friends will probably be among the hockey girls. If I dance, my friends will probably dance. If I am interested in student activities, my friends will be those who are interested in the same activities.

These so-called cliques do not, however, prevent the girls from uniting upon occasion. Hospital Night this year was a splendid example of co-operation.

For pure fun and enjoyment, no place can equal residence. In spite of, or perhaps because of, the much-talked of rules, Pembina girls are free to get the greatest possible enjoyment out of life.

If you doubt this statement, peep into a room on Saturday evening where the girls are gathered for a "feed." Here the spirit of good-fellowship is in evidence. To recline amid cushions, with a leg of chicken in one hand and a roll in the other, while steam rises from the coffee cup before you on the floor; to sing the college songs with the ukulele orchestra; to tell stories, to exchange secrets, while the candles flicker and the fire burns red—is this not ideal?

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## COUNTING THE DAYS

(By Anne Onimus)

"Just forty days till Christmas!" Some "mama's darling" cries. The others rudely stare at her. The words awake no answering stir. Of longing for home ties. Their thoughts are all without exception. On tests, or else the Soph reception.

Just thirty days till Christmas, And Junior tests are done. The wrinkles clear from Freshman's brow. He starts to think of Christmas now. And every type of fun. And, as he thinks of everything, He seems to hear the sleighbells ring.

"Just twenty days till Christmas!" Says every Pembinit. "'Tis not the time for work, but play, Come, let us drive dull care away With skating every night. If the wind blows, we'll let it blow."

It's just ten days till Christmas! Each senior, bent on work, Is plugging for the fall exam, And each the night before must cram. She does not dare to shirk— While Fresh and Soph is filled with cheer For holidays will soon be here.

It's just five days till Christmas! The time for fun and jokes. They rush around and try to shop, For book and pipe, and doll and top, To give to all the folks. For every girl is quite excited, And to go home is quite delighted.

There's no time now till Christmas, And jolly bells ring clear. They all are crazy with delight, And merriment is at its height, Dismissing care and fear. They're going to see their maws and paws, And maybe even Santa Claus!

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## TIMBER WOLVES

By Arthur Penhold

It was a clear, cold December night. Crisp, white snowflakes had covered everything: pine trees, meadows, even the little log cabin and cattle corrals that nestled in the foothills. Smoke could be seen coming from the stone chimney of the little log cabin. It rose in a long, thin, wisp, straight upward. Stars were twinkling coldly and the pale moon was shining bright enough to illuminate faintly the mountains to the west.

Behind a large spruce trunk, some distance from the cabin, a man lay crouching in the snow. His name was Jean Barreau, and he clutched nervously a 45 Winchester repeater between long-nailed, dirty fingers, half-frozen from the cold. He wore an old checkered mackinaw, torn fur cap, and frayed, worn-out moccasins and leggings. From time to time he shivered violently, not so much from the cold as from the fever that burned with a terrible brilliance in black, smouldering eyes. These eyes were sunk deeply in bony, ghastly sockets, and his cheeks were drawn taut and cadaverous over large, square jawbones.

"At last," he muttered feverishly, looking towards the door of the small cabin, "at last! Jean Barreau weel be avenged. Sacré, it ees time. Twenty long year Jean Barreau has wander' in jail sometime, always no fren', not even Indian. He stole my girl, he wreck my life, twenty year of hell because of heem! Heem!"

The half-breed shook his fist threateningly towards the little cabin.

For a few moments he lay there panting quickly to regain his breath. Then he continued:

"But, Ah! Tonight I weel be avenged. He weel open zat door soon, an' zen, Feefty yeards. Jean Barreau has nevaire mees. He weel die. Mon Dieu, il fait froid ce soir."

The feverish French half-breed put his hands into ragged, torn, old pockets, and lay there in the snow, shivering and waiting.

For a long time not a sound disturbed the silence of the forest. Then, suddenly, from a hilltop somewhere to the south there arose a long-drawn, quavering howl.

"Sapristi!" muttered Jean Barreau, "those damn teember wolf."

Inside the little log cabin a fire was blazing merrily. Sitting around this fire were Frank MacLean, his wife, Jenny, and their son Tom, a youth of about twenty-five.

"Do you remember, Jenny," the fine-looking old man was saying, "when I first came out west? About twenty years ago it was. I was sent out as a private in the good old R.N.W.M.P., the Mounted Police of the bad old days. I remember my first commission. The sergeant said to me one day:

"'Frank, there's a half-breed, Jean Barreau, selling liquor to the Sarcee Indians up north o' here, and causing general hell among 'em. I want you to get Jean Barreau, and bring him here.'"

"You remember the half-breed, Jenny. He fell in love with you when you were known as 'The Minister's Daughter', and the prettiest girl in Pincher Creek. Well, I got him all right, and he was sent down for five years. I'll never forget the way he threatened me before they took him away."

"Damn you!" he shouted violently in French patois. 'Wait till Jean Barreau gets out. He weel keel you for thesee, jus' wait.'"

"That was twenty years ago, and no one has ever heard of the fiery fellow since. After he got out of jail he disappeared somewhere up in the mountains. He must have been killed by a grizzly or fallen from a ledge long before this. A peculiar fellow was this Jean Barreau."

"Was he the crack shot you used to tell me about, dad?" the young man beside him asked.

"Yes, Tom. He sure was a dead eye with a rifle. I've seen him pick off six silver quarters from a fence ledge one right after another as fast as the gun repeated. He was almost uncanny at times."

"Just then a long-drawn, quavering howl rose up out of the silence of the night."

"Timber wolves," the old man said. "I guess they're getting hungry now. I hope they keep away from the cattle down at the barns. I hardly think they will venture that close to-night."

For a long time the three sat there in silence, looking into the fire, and dreaming. Then suddenly sounds could be heard coming from the barns below. Cattle bellowed noisily, and there could be heard the thumping of stampeding hoofs. A loud crash told of broken corral bars. Quickly the old man rose to his feet.

"Come, Tom!" he ordered, "grab a gun. It's those darn timber wolves." The two then threw on a heavy fur-lined mackinaw apiece, and grabbed a belt of cartridges and rifle from the wall.

"Be careful," Jenny admonished, opening the door.

Fifty yards away, from behind a huge spruce trunk, Jean Barreau watched the door swing open. His eyes burned with a greater inten-

sity than ever, and he clutched the Winchester nervously, in anticipation. Two forms stepped out into the snow. The moon shone on their alarmed faces. Jean Barreau recognized one of these forms as Frank MacLean, the Red-Coat who had brought him to justice so many years before. The man who had wrecked his life.

He raised the Winchester to his shoulder and carefully took aim. Then suddenly something happened. A lithe, grey form, with yellow, gleaming eyes and white-fanged, dripping jaws, flew at the half-breed's throat. Half a dozen others followed, and the rifle that Jean Barreau had aimed so carefully never spoke.

Frank MacLean and his son Tom ran quickly towards the corrals. Lean, grey forms could be seen gliding here and there among the frightened cattle, who bellowed loudly to announce their fear. In a few spots carcasses lay, their throats torn and bleeding. The white snow all around was covered with blood.

"Crack!" The old man's rifle spoke, and one of the grey forms lay quite still. "Crack!" Tom's bullet found another.

Then suddenly there came a terrible surprise. With a loud crashing and rending of wood the cattle which had been milling around inside the corral, tore through the wooden gate, up towards where the two men were standing. In a twinkling the whole herd had surged through the gap and were running, heedlessly, blindly, panic-stricken.

"For God's sake, Tom, run!" cried Frank hoarsely.

"It's too late," said Tom. "Stand and let us fire into the middle."

Quickly the stampeding cattle rushed towards the man and youth. It seemed as if they could not help but be trampled to death beneath those terrible hoofs.

Then "Crack! Crack!" Both rifles spat fire.

"Crack! Crack!" They spat again. Like a swathe the herd parted in the middle and thundered past the two men standing there, down towards the valley.

"God, that was close," muttered the old man. Then quickly he shouted to the youth:

"Saddle the horses. We'll follow and kill a few cattle to glut those hungry brutes. Confound these timber wolves."

Soon the two had mounted and were galloping swiftly in pursuit of the frightened cattle which, by this time, had somewhat recovered themselves. The herd had stopped and formed a defensive circle with the bulls on the outside. All around, dozens of lean grey forms leaped and howled in an attempt to bury their long white fangs into the quivering victims' throats.

Soon the two horsemen had arrived and perceived the situation. "Crack! Crack!" Their rifles spoke quickly, and one by one the lean grey forms rolled over and lay still. Soon only half a dozen remained. Then they, seeing the fate of their fellows, turned and ran away over the snow into the forest.

A few days later Tom was wandering through the big spruce trees a few yards from the house. Suddenly he stopped and looked down at his feet. Then he shouted loudly towards the little cabin from which smoke was issuing.

"Dad! Come here!"

The door opened, and Frank MacLean came down to where he stood. "What's the matter, son?" he questioned anxiously.

"See there," the youth pointed, horror-stricken, to the ground beneath their feet.

Here lay an old checkered mackinaw, torn, fur cap, and pair of worn-out moccasins and leggings. A 45 Winchester repeater lay in the snow, cocked. Nothing else remained except a white, bleached skeleton, the bones of which were scattered, here and there, among the trees and bloody snow.

Frank MacLean looked down upon the tragic spot, and said:

"Timber wolves. Some poor trapper trying to reach our cabin likely. See, his gun's cocked, but they got him before he could do anything. Poor devil! I guess we'd better bury him. Damn those timber wolves!"

## CHRISTMAS HAS CHANGED

(Continued from page one)

flaming plum-pudding of Mr. Pickwick's day. We of America, at any rate, no longer burst into song about these things.

But we have seen a development which is more beautiful, more delightful, more Christ-like. We have the children with us on Christmas Day! It is their Day! There is nothing more glorious or praiseworthy in our civilization than the way we so jealously guard for little children the beautiful tradition of jolly, fat, loving old Santa Claus with his clattering reindeer and that great big bag of toys. He is the unquestioned king. To his crown there are no pretenders. Was there ever a wider or more loving conspiracy than that which keeps his venerable figure from slipping away? Occasionally we come upon a poor, miserable, disillusioned creature whose soul is sufficiently wizened to deny the existence of Santa Claus. He who does not see in the legend of Santa Claus a beautiful faith, on one side, and the naive embodiment of a divine fact on the other, is fit object for our pity. To all such, I would leave in my last will and testament a copy of the New York Sun's editorial reply to baby Virginia O'Hanlon's sweet childish question, "Is there really a Santa Claus?"

For most of us there is nothing else in life which so fills our hearts with joy as the perennial drama of happy youngsters screaming with glee, as pudgy hands withdraw delightful gifts from the stockings that

## A Gem of the Southern Seas

(Continued from page one)

Here we found those who had gone before, not truly gone through some misplaced door into Hades, but laughing and shouting, or in their delight running serious risks of crushed arms by trailing their hands and arms in the warm translucent waters of the "Blue Grotto." Not much wonder that the ancients could only explain some of their beautiful natural haunts by calling them "the homes of gods or beautiful nymphs." Fairland for a few glorious moments then once more the sun, and two never-ending shades of blue that merged into one along a line scarce visible.

### Peasant Salesmen

The scenery, however, was not all this time, for as we emerged, we were immediately thronged by peasant people in little rowboats. "Please, lady, buy the beautiful coral necklace," "You buy the beautiful pearls, lady; only forty lire, very cheap, lady," "All hand-worked lady; won't you buy the beautiful coral beads, lady?" True, these people have a woeful air, but the wise tourist buys nothing from them until he has done considerable bargaining. The love of bargaining is inherent in the people of Southern Europe, and they never fail to make a sufficient allowance for that purpose.

Our next adventure was one which always affords not only a certain thrill to the traveller from the north, but a very good living to many Italians. As is the custom, our boat did not dock, but we were again met by a bevy of rowboats, which took us ashore. "Me very strong man—me fine boy—eat lots of macaroni, me—you give me something to buy macaroni—me no want for drink (the current word for 'tip' in Europe is the French 'pourboire')—me fine English boy," intimated our boatman, a fine husky lad, indeed, of about fourteen.

In the village of Capri we put up

were hung "the night before Christmas." Santa Claus filled those stockings; and any man who says he didn't, lies!

Who would be a bachelor on Christmas morn'g?

Those blessed reindeer! Those dear Brownies who help make the boys! Those noisy, noisy, jingling bells! That beautiful Christmas-tree, laden with good things to make children glad! These are ours. Let Dickens keep what he will.

All of us have beautiful memories of childhood Christmases. In my own mind there is always a vision of the piece of mince pie that vanished. The stockings were all hung—we all borrowed stockings from mother; they would hold the most!—and we children, keyed up to a glorious state of expectancy, were reluctantly ready to go to bed. Then mother would cut a piece of the morrow's mince pie—and such a huge sector!—and place it on the mantelpiece for Santa Claus. He would surely be hungry by the time he reached our house. We all saw it placed there. Saw it with our own shining, excited eyes. And in the morning it was gone! Absolutely disappeared! Not a trace of it left! Nothing but an empty plate!

There are few of us who do not secretly say, "Turn back, turn back, O Time, in thy flight; make me a child again, just for tonight."

The wandering choristers no longer sing beneath our windows. But we do not suffer from the loss, so long as that fat, white-haired old chap in the flaming red coat and the tasselled cap comes struggling and puffing down our chimneys with his great gifts of love.

Yes, Christmas has changed. But we need not add "alas." The spirit is true within us. The pagan crudely worshipped the Sun, and found heart's-ease. We gladly acknowledge the overlordship of the great "spirit of love," and by our prayers and thoughts and actions and gifts pay tribute to our physical visualization of the spirit, the great and loving god, Santa Claus.

WALTER B. HERBERT.

at the lovely Hotel Quisisana, from whose windows we could gaze far out to sea. It was certainly a beautiful environment—enough, in fact, to make one look farther than the walls of his room, and, in so doing, to find an obvious reason for the prefixing of "The Grand" or "The Splendid" to the name of every "albergo" (hotel) in Italy.

### Capo di Tiberio

Our visit in Capri, which was only to be from noon of that day until three p.m. the following, fell perforce into two divisions, of which the first was the climbing of the Capo di Tiberio. Up we went through narrow lanes and winding stone-paths to the old castle of Tiberius almost at the very summit. True, the pristine magnificence of the place had vanished, but to an imaginative mind, the surly emperor still lived. What could have sweetened the last days of any man more than to have seen below him, on one side, acre upon acre of terraced vineyards, and on the other the blue sea spotted with green patches marking the limestone rocks at the bottom. We saw some little white sailing boats down there, each, truly, in seeming idleness, "a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

The descent proved much easier, but at a little tavern, not far below the summit, we stopped to take a well, I took lemon sour. The hostess was a jolly lady nearing fifty years of age. She had a son in the village. He was a darling boy, it seemed—in fact, that painting on the wall was a portrait of him in the days long, long before the war. Those were the good old days before modern jazz had replaced the beloved Tarantella—and to our delight, Carmelina, for that was her name, barefooted, with tambourine in hand, danced the Tarantella for us. She couldn't do it as well as she once had, she said. But, oh, to have been in Italy twenty-five years ago!

The moonlight was glorious on Capri that night. We took our way through dark lanes overgrown with trees, deserted, except for an occasional wayfarer; silent, except for the songs of two or three pairs of lovers walking arm in arm to the time of the sweet Italian love-songs, which they sang. To think that we had expected to find brigands at Capri! Brigands of what, pray?

### Joachim Keahn

On the following morning we arose early and set about the absorbing task of climbing Monte Solaro. Hot work it was, but we expected to find refreshments at the top. Alas! we had not come at the right season. The little stone inn was tightly barred. But we did find Joachim Keahn.

Joachim was a young German, of the merchant class, who had been spending a happy month's holiday in Italy. Tennis shoes, breeks, swarthy skin, and close-cropped hair, he was the picture of health and content-

ment. He knew a little English, a little French and several words of Italian; so did I, but I didn't know a word of German. We had a great talk! By the way, I must send him the picture that I took of him that morning. It turned out well.

Somehow or other we became separated on the way home. Dr. Alexander and I don't know how the rest



CARMELINA  
The Dance of the Tarantella

made it, but we do know that we had a vigorous walk, and, as to the excellent quality of the two tall decanters of ice-cold—lemonade, which we consumed as soon as we reentered the village—well, just ask either one of us.

Three o'clock came all too soon. The gong sounded, and back we went, back to the boat, back from beautiful Capri, back to Naples and the Splendid Hotel Savoy.

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### ALBERTA WINS FROM VISITING CAMBRIDGE MEN

Brunsden and MacKenzie Adjudged by Popular Vote the Victorious Team

### DEBATE SUCCESS IN EVERY WAY

On Monday, December 6th, at 8:30 p.m., the much-discussed and long-expected Cambridge debate took place before a large and enthusiastic audience at the Pantages theatre. Promptly at the appointed time Dr. H. M. Tory, who occupied the chair, opened proceedings with a word of welcome to the representatives of Cambridge University and announced the method of judging. The audience was to constitute the judges, and the popular decision would be obtained by means of the ballots presented to them at the door. He then introduced Mr. E. W. Brunsden, leader of the affirmative for Alberta.

#### Mr. Brunsden

Mr. Brunsden opened the debate with a humorous reference to the fact that the arrival of the worthy visitors into Alberta had been attended by the most delightful weather conditions Alberta had to offer. He wondered whether the time would ever come when we would have government control of the weather. Swinging into the serious business of the evening, Ted gave a forceful speech, full of sound argument and illustration in support of his theme, "That the growing tendency of Governments to invade the Rights of the individual was contrary to the best interests of society." The question devolved itself into whether the newly-born infant was merely a cog in the machine of state or whether the individual had certain inalienable rights apart from the necessary restrictions imposed upon him as a member of the community. He defined these inalienable rights as consisting of "Life Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness," using the words of the American Declaration of Independence, and he claimed for the individual the right to eat and drink and think whatever he wishes, and to wear whatever clothes he chooses. The business of the individual, said Ted, was to develop personal character, whilst that of the nation was to develop national character. Personal character depends on one's heredity and environment, but to complete development of character the one essential was freedom of choice. "You can't make a nation moral by legislation."

Ted pointed out that the tendency to invade the rights of the individual seemed characteristic of governments today and that the number of revolutions, dictatorships and disorders in Europe at the present time was a certain indication that all is not well with the world. The fundamental basis of democracy was individual liberty, and that only where people loved liberty would they choose what is good and reject what is evil.

Mr. H. G. Herklots, of Magdalene College, Cambridge, then rose to present the case for the negative side, in a very witty and entertaining speech. He thanked the people of Edmonton for the hearty welcome that had been extended to him, and regretted that his and his colleague's stay would be so short. He was not, he said, in the position of John Gil-

(Continued on Page 16)

### WHAT'S DOING

- Friday, Dec. 17—Orchestra practice (evening).
- Saturday, Dec. 18—Christmas Banquet, Athabasca Hall (evening).
- Sunday, Dec. 19—Service, 11 a.m.
- Tuesday, Dec. 21—Hockey, Varsity vs. Aristos-Superiors (evening).
- Wednesday, Dec. 22—Philosophical Society, 8:15.
- Tuesday, Jan. 4, 1927—Students' Council (evening).
- Wednesday, Jan. 5—French Club, A-212 (evening).
- Glee Club, M-158 (evening).
- Hockey, Varsity vs. Yeomen (evening).
- Thursday, Jan. 6—Wauneta Society (evening).
- Friday, Jan. 7—Mining and Geological Society (evening).
- Orchestra (evening).
- Saturday, Jan. 8—Hockey, Aristos-Superiors vs. Varsity (evening).

#### WHAT'S HAPPENED

- From October 20th to December 24th, 1926, there were held:
- 84 meetings of student organizations.
- 6 banquets or dinners.
- 5 rugby and other games (Senior teams).
- 5 major functions.

### NEW CHIEF



SIDNEY C. STEPHENS

who has been selected as Editor-in-Chief of The Gateway for the term 1927.

Few students with us at present know the University as does Syd. He took Commerce as an undergraduate, receiving his degree in 1925. Last year he served on the University staff as Assistant Registrar. This year he returns to student ranks, taking Master's work.

A remarkable athlete, a good student, well-known and a friend of all, he should make The Gateway a powerful factor in University life next year.

### COUNCIL DISCUSSES MANY MATTERS

Business Included Constitution, Sophomore Court, National Conference, Dances, etc.

Tuesday evening, Dec. 14, the Students' Council held a very important meeting in 135 Arts Bldg. Ernie Wilson was in the chair.

The first subject for discussion was the proposed change in the Constitution. Amendments were suggested as regards the Sophomore Court, resolutions concerning dances and conduct in the halls, on the campus and in the dining room.

The committee appointed to investigate this matter consists of Mr. Whitaker, Mr. Johnston, Mr. Brunsden, Mr. Henderson and Mr. Adam. The next subject for discussion was the proposed national conference at Montreal. The agenda forwarded to Mr. Wilson arranged for the election of an executive organization of inter-varsity debates, scholarships, exchange of students, and athletics. The agenda also made provisions for drafting a constitution. To the conference each university was to have at least one, and no more than three delegates. Women students are to have a representative.

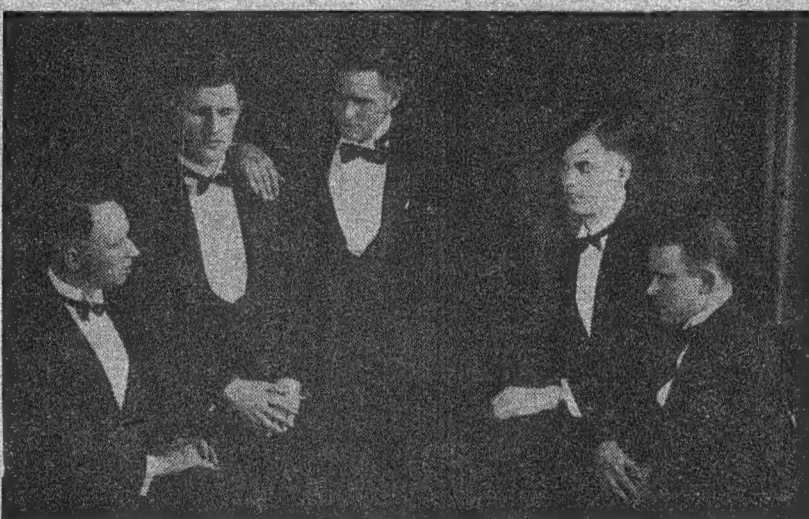
An idea was expressed in the agenda that the railway fares of delegates, and for that matter of all university students travelling from one university to another, or travelling to or from a university, should be decreased. It was then moved by Mr. McDonald, and seconded by Mr. McKenzie, that a delegate be sent to the Montreal conference. The motion was carried.

Mr. Anderson, president of the Debating Society, tendered his resignation, which was accepted by the Council.

A vote of thanks was moved to Mr. Anderson, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Brunsden and Mr. Mackenzie by J. Adam, president of the Lit., for their work in connection with the Cambridge debate.

Next the budget for the opera "Mariana" was brought up. The statement was accepted by the Council without change. The date of the opera, preceding Medical Night, was considerably discussed, but a better date was unable to be found, and so this date was accepted.

### ALBERTA-CAMBRIDGE TEAMS



E. W. Brunsden, Alberta; W. G. F. Ordham, Cambridge; K. C. Mackenzie, Alberta; H. G. G. Herklots, Cambridge; E. Stuart, Manager.

### Varsity Goes Into Tie For Hockey League Leadership

Last Night's Game Resulted in 5-4 Win Over Yeomen—Winners Did All Their Scoring in the Second Period Game Was Fast Throughout

Hockey fans who braved the chilly winds of last night to witness Varsity's second scheduled performance at the South Side rink this season were treated to a top-notch exhibition of keenly contested hockey, from which the students emerged victors over the league-trailing Yeomen by a 5-4 score. Varsity in their first appearance of the season a week ago tied with the Aristos-Superiors, and on the strength of last night's triumph the two teams are abreast for the league leadership. The Yeomen as a result of their severe drubbing sustained at the hands of the Aristocrats in the league opener and last night's defeat, are trailing the league.

The ice was hard and a fast pace was set and maintained for three full periods with no let up from the word go until the timekeeper reined the players in and declared the fracas over. The pair of points at stake were needed badly by both clubs, and neither had any intention of giving way without a mighty struggle. Bumps aplenty were freely given and taken, and a flock of minor penalties were handed out in the second and third periods, when no less than seven players travelled over the well-worn path to the detention coop.

#### Yeomen Notch First Counter

The hot-spurred Yeomen decided to force proceedings in the opening act, and swept the ice three men abreast, but their efforts were in vain for three-quarters of the period; Varsity maintained a three-man defence, and repelled their doughty foemen repeatedly, and in turn engineered one and two-men rushes, but were seldom able to even cross their rivals' blue line. The scholars, however, worried, Dea with long potshots, and kept him busy clearing the goal front. W. Kinney, Yeomen's lanky life defence, took matters in his own hands, and sallied forth on a lone rush that took him well past Varsity's blue line, followed by a brace of his teammates. Kinney was stopped, and in the mixup that ensued in front of the Varsity fort MacDonald was swept off his feet, leaving the portal unprotected. The puck was shot up from somewhere behind the goal, struck a skate, glanced off and came to rest within the stronghold. The Yeomen, one point up, showed signs of succumbing to the gruelling pace they had set, and were content to reinforce their barricade and hold their now fully aroused rivals at bay until the gong closed the period. Habkirk, a Var-

sity recruit, who blocked and rushed brilliantly when thrown into the fray, had a chance to equalize the score in the dying moments of the period when he worked his way through the Yeomen shock troops, from centre ice, with no one to stop him but the sentry in goal. Dea, however, was equal to the occasion, and made a clever save.

#### Varsity Scores Five

When the curtain rang up for the second act, Varsity had a one-goal deficit to overcome, and from the commencement set a pace that brought for them a reward of five goals. Morris, on a pass from Melnyk, slapped in the equalizing goal. It was the result of a rapid series of exchanges between Morris and Melnyk, with the Yeomen defence wilting before their attack. The Yeomen had only four men to aid Dea, as W. Kinney was reflecting on the error of his ways in the penalty box. Varsity went off on a scoring spree, and Levell rang up the tie-breaking goal from a face-off in the Yeomen territory. Morris repeated the same stunt a few minutes later, making it three in a row for Collegiate. Carrigan retaliated, however, and brought Varsity's scoring spree to a stop by scoring on a hard low shot from the blue line.

Melnyk, not to be outdone by his playmates, ambled up the ice on a lone rush that culminated in the outstanding effort of the night's performance. Melnyk played a very effective game on defence, and shared the offensive honors with his teammate Joly. Both teams were hitting a merry clip, and the goal tenders at both ends were called upon to handle a fusillade of shots. Levell tallied his second marker of the evening on a brilliant effort when he shot from close range after eluding the Yeomen defence.

(Continued on Page 16)

### CHRISTIAN FAITH STRONG IN JAPAN

President of University Delivered Interesting Address on Japan at Sunday Service

"I am in a land where the people who teach and serve are Christian." This was my first impression of Japan," said Dr. Tory in Convocation Hall on Sunday morning. On the wharf of Yokohama the excitement and interest in the meeting of an English teacher with her Japanese pupils made one feel in their looks and expression the existence of a real Christian spirit.

A few days after arriving in Yokohama the party visited a Buddhist temple during a most religious celebration. Although more than two thousand people were moving in line about the building, there was no sign of that disorder and crowding all too likely to be found in a similar number of Occidentals. In this, and in the consideration with which the few strangers were treated by the common people, one felt that here was a nation of kindly intent, whose kindness must characterize their daily life.

It is hard for us to realize the age of Japan. An American about to visit an ancient city asked, "I suppose we will see something of old Japan?" "Oh, no," replied a Japanese gentleman. "There is nothing there older than six hundred years." The Japanese Empire dates from 660 B.C. With a dynasty of this age it is no wonder the people believe their Emperor descended from the Sun-god.

Crude Americans with no idea of the amenities of life, have made fun of the Japanese "bowing and scraping." It is only natural that the Japanese be irritated at our rudeness, and further antagonized by the emphasis laid by western speakers upon the benefits they have received from us. This has resulted in a reaction against western influences.

The effect of Christian missionary work has been the awakening of other religions to the possibilities of social service. "I believe," said Dr. Tory, "that the principles for which Christianity stands will in the long run permeate Japan."

### RHODES SCHOLARSHIP ANNOUNCEMENT

The Gateway is informed by the Secretary of the Rhodes Scholarship Committee for Alberta that, "after serious consideration, the Committee has decided not to award the scholarship this year."

### WINGED MERCURY HAS FOUND NICHE

Gift of Class '26 to University at Last in Position in Arts Building

The Winged Mercury, the gift of Class '26 to the University, is now in position in the main hall of the Arts Building. The fine copy of the famous statue has excited much favorable comment, which is testimony to the wisdom of the students who made the choice last winter.

Time and space should mean nothing to Winged Mercury, but nevertheless his arrival from the Italian workshop is late by several months. Some recognize in this delay proof of Mussolini's intense nationalism and indifference towards the needs of the rest of the world. Others quote sagely that "just as Necessity is the Mother of Invention, Leisure is the Mother of Art," and therefore the leisurely methods of Italian workmen should never be questioned by the "go-getters" of this Western continent.

At all events, whatever the nature of the "delays which retarded the approach of its arrival," the students are delighted with the artistic workmanship in their statue, and exceedingly grateful to Bruce Macdonald, his executive of last year and to Dr. Alexander for their perseverance and ultimate success.

### DATE SET FOR INTER-VARSITY DEBATE, JAN. 21

Restrictions in Voting Based on Race is Subject—Four Provinces Will Compete

### U. OF SASKATCHEWAN VISITS ALBERTA

The Inter-Varsity Debate will be held on Friday, January 21, on the subject: "Resolved, that all restrictions on voting in Canada based on race or color should be removed."

Teams from British Columbia, Saskatchewan, Alberta and Manitoba will enter this debate, which will be judged as in previous years by the "points system."

At present Alberta holds the championship. Last year both of Alberta's teams were victorious, and as a result we have at present the McGoun Memorial Cup.

Saskatchewan University will send a team to Alberta and one of our teams will travel to Manitoba.

At a recent meeting of the Debating Society Executive the following men were chosen to represent Alberta: Ronald Marland, C. B. Fisher, Max Wershof and S. T. Fisher.

### YOU CAN'T HAVE IT ALL ICING

A Review of Inter-Year Play Night.

Two opportunities are allowed the drama each year of presenting its glories before an undergraduate audience of this university. The first occasion is on the night of the Inter-Year Play Competition, when lovers of the art struggle with doubtful success to entertain some of their fellow students, not a few of whom have come there with the fixed intention of entertaining themselves and their friends by vociferous and not always funny humour. The Spring Plays offers a second opportunity, but even here, freed from the bonds of class competition, it flourishes but weakly, for dramatic moments are spoiled and the tension cruelly broken by scattered spirits throughout the audience who lend imitative applause to any scenes of affection, and who regard the uncorking of a bottle, or the sight of one of their friends in a soldier's or policeman's uniform, as signals for subdued mirth.

These are conditions, of course, against which amateur drama has always to struggle. There are bonds of intimacy between the players and the audience which form an almost insurmountable barrier to attaining that degree of detachment so necessary in the presentation of any play. The drama, after all, is but a form of disillusionment. In order to interest us in the lives and actions of the people on the stage, it has to gain our interest so completely that we forget our own existence and the world about us in the contemplation of the people who are moving behind the footlights. In the professional drama, this is perfectly possible, but in the amateur variety it is very rarely attained, especially before an undergraduate audience, to whom ostentatious display of emotion is entirely passé. Your average undergraduate can submit to it when he sees it upon the professional stage. But he cannot bear to see his friends

ordinary, decent fellows in all other respects—indulging in such antics before his eyes without squinting in disgust, and nobly endeavoring to supply on his own account a certain modicum of hilarity which, he feels, should flavour all public exhibitions of a man's private emotions. Essentially puritanical, your average undergraduate!

And by a coincidence, no less unfortunate than remarkable, the four plays presented on the night of the competition this year, depended upon emotional moments of a serious sort for their climaxes; unfortunate, because no human being is capable of sitting on the hard benches and chairs of Convocation Hall for three hours, and having his artistic soul wrung dry of its last drop of emotion without becoming restless under the treatment. The interposition of a few relieving scenes of humor would have averted this catastrophe, but none of the plays were thus equipped, and the audience were forced to fall back upon their own ingenuity to supply the lack. They are not entirely to blame if they inserted it at the wrong moments; and if their good intentions nearly succeeded in killing one of the best plays ever produced in Convocation Hall.

#### Freshman Play

The Freshman play, the first upon the program, was not a pleasant affair. In order to appreciate its purpose, one had to discard all the usually accepted ethics of sportsmanship and to surrender oneself entirely to the principle that "All's fair in love and war." Stephen Grenfell, a blind ex-officer, discovers that his

fiancée, Marguerite Baxter, is flirting with his chum. In order, evidently to make matters square, he proceeds to re-engage himself to a fair young sympathizer—who happens to be Marguerite's best friend—without going through the formality of breaking off his other engagement first. That, in so many words, is the story. Built up on such an unsound basis of human conduct the result can be easily imagined. Stephen Grenfell, whom we are invited to admire, we can hardly do otherwise than regard as a questionable sort of fellow. He holds the stage for the first half of the play, informing an obviously uninterested audience of the ways and means he has of overcoming his affliction. Having exhausted the possibilities of the conversation in this direction, he proceeds to invest himself with a martyr's halo for allowing his fiancée to go to a dance with another man. Saturated in the glow of his selfishness, he remains behind to be entertained by Alice, who succeeds so well in her task that within a few minutes they are affianced. Conceive the weakness of such a situation. Grenfell, already engaged to one girl, asks his fiancée's friend to marry him; Alice, perfectly aware of the fact that she is doing his friend in the eye, accepts. And yet we are invited to applaud these two as the hero and heroine of the piece. Our sympathies are rather with Marguerite, who has sinned no further, as far as we know, than in allowing a childhood friend to call her "darling." But still the farce proceeds. Marguerite returns to find that she has been supplanted in Grenfell's affections, returns his ring, and after a few generalizations upon the faithlessness of friends, returned on Grenfell's part with smug rejoinders, the play ends. Anything worse in the way of dramatic construction is hard to imagine.

Mr. Bradley, as Stephen Grenfell, did his best with a part that allowed him very little scope for good acting. His stage presence was good, and his voice excellent in its carrying power. But whether through faulty directing, or through his own misapprehension of how deep feeling should be expressed, he failed to aid Miss Brooks (the misguided author of this play) in her attempt to win the sympathy of the audience for Grenfell. His tone, somewhat monotonous in its pitch, suggested an emotion laboriously forced, and far from convincing. Miss Newcombe, as Marguerite, got the little out of her part that there was to be got. She displayed the right touch of querulousness in her speeches that gave some motivation to her desire to break away from the depressing atmosphere engendered by her physically afflicted fiancée. Miss Gwen Mullett, who took the part of Alice, threw herself into her role with far more enthusiasm than did the rest of the cast, most of whom seemed almost as bored with their lot as the audience. Miss Mullett succeeded effectively in conveying that combination of kindly sympathy and girlish

(Continued on Page 10)

### CHRISTMAS SERVICE

The service in Convocation Hall next Sunday morning will be of a musical nature. There will be selections by the choir and by the Women's Chorus, and the soloist will be Mrs. J. E. Bowstead. A hearty invitation is extended to all.





## THE GATEWAY

Undergraduate newspaper published weekly by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta

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## THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE

The University of Alberta will be represented by the President of its Students' Union at the first Dominion conference of university students, same to be held in Montreal during Christmas week of this year.

The interest aroused in Canada to national students' unions by the Imperial debaters of last year, who represented the N.U.S. of the British Isles, and one of whom, R. Nunn May, was a past president of this body—will be recalled. With the visit of these men the idea "caught on," and the various Canadian universities did considerable corresponding looking to the formation of a Canadian N.U.S. The active part taken by Percy G. Davies, then president of our Students' Union, in assisting the project and arousing inter-university enthusiasm, we remember with pleasure. However, although a conference was mooted last spring, nothing definite was done.

It was with great satisfaction that we learned upon return this fall of the arrangements that had been going forward, and of the conference which it was hoped might be held this Christmas.

Our Council went on record as being in favor of such a conference last term. It re-affirmed its stand this fall. Therefore Ernest Wilson will represent Alberta at McGill when the conference meets to form, if possible, a National Union of Students in Canada.

Such an organization may make a substantial contribution to student life in this country. Such things as promotion of inter-sectional understanding, interprovincial scholarships, all Canadian and foreign debating tours, can form part of the work of a National Students' Union.

The Union should be very much worth while, and The Gateway wishes the conference every success. We hope it will be feasible to create a strong National Union of Students in Canada—that it would be a factor of importance in university circles we are convinced.

## RECOGNITION FOR STUDENT ACTIVITIES

Under present conditions at this University men and women take part in student activities at their peril; that is to say, those students who are members of student executives or are members of senior teams receive no official recognition from the University, although this work may be very beneficial from an educational point of view. There is also a grievance under the present system of awarding decorations for student activities. A large number of positions are overlooked. In many cases the duties of those which are more onerous than the duties of those which are at present receiving recognition in the form of student decorations.

It seems feasible that the point system now in vogue could be extended to cover all student activities worthy of recognition in an official manner by the University authorities, and by the awarding of student decorations. It could be decided jointly by the University authorities and the students what number of points each position should be allotted and the maximum number of points which any student would be allowed to carry during one term.

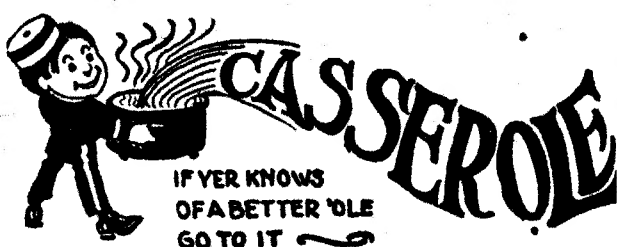
This maximum number of points would then constitute a possible total which would give the student receiving this total a bonus of ten per cent. on his total examination results.

From this comprehensive point system could also be determined the basis upon which each club should award their decorations and new decorations could be determined for other branches of student work.

At the present time there is no uniformity in awarding decorations. Unification of these awards would not mean the elimination of distinctive decorations for different clubs. It would mean rather that services in various forms of work would be recognized on a comparative basis with other teams and clubs. With all these positions under a standard point system the relative merits of services rendered could be more easily determined.

Having determined the quota of points for each position satisfactorily to the University authorities and the students, it would then be necessary to decide on the maximum bonus which would be equitable for the University to grant, possibly ten per cent. of the total marks obtained in each subject. This would mean, of course, that the University authorities could retain their right to advise any student to relinquish offices which the authorities considered were requiring more time and effort than the results justified.

The obvious criticism to a proposal to give credit for student activities in the form of a bonus to academic results lies in the fact that some people consider that a degree solely represents academic knowledge absorbed by the graduate. There is, however, an adequate answer to this criticism. A degree should represent the ability of the student to absorb the academic knowledge taking into consideration the amount of time at his disposal which may be cut down



## A Resurrection

Mr. McCoppen says that he enjoyed the year plays very much. So did we. We know what a rehearsal is now. Were the audience unappreciative?—maybe. They laughed when laughter was not called for. How could they do it? I thought the audience were quiet, except for a considerable amount of coffin. Notwithstanding, the plays were all good—they had a grave element. The Dreamy Kid was the best. It was dreamy and the audience were sound asleep. We will let it rest at that.

## At the Prom

The big ship was a success from the ornamental viewpoint—but I noticed some of the boys got seasick.

One of our visitors was heard to ask if the profs' garage was the entrance to a coal mine or a turnip cellar?

Jack Crawford is giving a free violet ray treatment with his hair-cuts this week.

Today's Dark Thought: C.O.T.C. Band practice tonight.

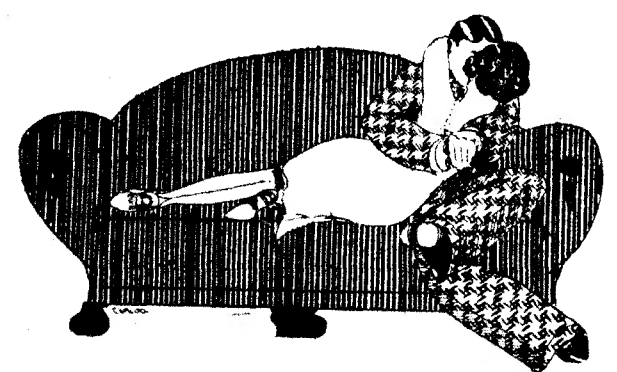
## Seen Today

Dean Boyle buying a pair of ladies' hosiery, and hoping that Sandy Claws will fill them this year. Red Weir making an 8:30 on time.

The car and the couple were skirting the edge of a slough when Eleanor asked: "Whose little lovey ducky is oo?" Distracted, Johnny released the wheel and let the car dive into the muck.

Wiping the slime from his face, he replied: "Ooze."

Famous Last Words: "The End," Finis, Amen, You say you made this yourself, etc.



## A Student Pressing his Suit

A young lady left her dog in charge of a floor walker in Ramsey's the other day, and after completing her purchase returned—to see poor Fido being kicked forcibly against a pillar.

"Why, you brute!" she said. "Poor Fido won't bite."

"Now," replied the F.W. "But I thought he was going to kick me."

## At the Prom

Bill Deard: "Aren't the decorations striking? They fairly take my breath away." Kay: "Better than cloves, Bill?"

One brilliant student in Mr. Riddehough's English classes, in writing of Chas. Lamb's love of art, informs us:

"Then another favorite of Lamb's was the 'Raising of Lazarus' by Piombo, who was probably assisted in the work by Michael Angelo."

Freshman Flood, to Ida, at Sat. night dance: "Are you dancing this one?"

Ida: "No!"

F.: "Well, would you mind holding my cigarette? I've got it taken."

This should have been run as an "ad," but we didn't have the space:

Will the person who took my coat please send me the pawn-tickets and book of phone numbers which were in the pockets? You may keep the coat—I got another at the Law banquet.—D.P.

P.S.—Kindly burn anything else you may find.

When Ted Brunson suggested taking the English debaters out to our local cemetery, he was contemplating taking the steak we had at that meal with him also.

owing to activities in student work in an executive capacity or as a member of a senior team.

It is true that participation in student activities is purely voluntary. This, however, should not detract from the benefits gained by participation in this field. It should be remembered that the Rhodes scholar represents the ideal graduate. A University degree therefore should be as far as possible, a certificate of womanhood and manhood, rather than the amount of academic knowledge absorbed without any regard for other phases of character building.

A man may be a University graduate, but he should be "a man for all that."

A final word before handing to our successors the editorial pen. The transfer is not made without a degree of reluctance. However, this is not a complaint—the old order changeth . . .

How poorly one's achievements approximate one's ambitions! Our retrospect fails to reveal any call for undue satisfaction. Errors have been numerous. And it is humbling to remember that even a modicum of success would have been impossible without the assistance of many who have done the work.

For those who carry on we bespeak the enthusiastic support of all. Then the measure of success achieved next year will be substantial.

## You Can't Have It All Icing

(Continued from Page 9)

ingenuousness that her part evidently called for. Mr. Hodgson, who was afflicted with the role of Douglas Townsend, Stephen's chum, was unable, in the short while he was upon the stage, to overcome the self-embarrassment caused by his own villainy.

The bewilderingly large cast made the action very confusing. The four bridge players, whose parts were taken by Miss Ullman, Miss Young, Mr. Gowan and Mr. Bond, had very little to do beyond preparing, in some after-dinner small talk, the entrance of the chief characters; a task which they accomplished with tolerable success. Miss Oren Reid, who took the part of the maid, did better in this role than most amateurs, who are never on the stage long enough to overcome their first nervousness.

The play they chose, and not their acting, was responsible for the failure of the Freshmen to get in the running for the Shield. It would be hard to conceive of a worse piece of dramatic construction than "Voices," or one that would appeal less to the tastes of an undergraduate audience.

**Junior Play**  
The Junior play suffered from no such drawback. Their choice of Eugene O'Neill's "Dreamy Kid" as their class play does honor to their selection committee, and is a lasting credit to the ability of Dillon Cornwall, their director, in whose hands lay the success or failure of what was a daring experiment in college dramatics. He had to contend with an audience whose objections to serious emotional moments I have already mentioned, and who are, perhaps, a little too ready to associate the negro dialect with the inane patter of the black-faced comedians of the vaudeville stage. That he overcame these disadvantages, and presented a play so artistic in its impression that it won the Competition was due, not so much to the ability of the cast or to the splendid vehicle that O'Neill's play offered him, as to his own work as a director. Only under capable direction can an amateur cast interpret the shades of emotion that diffuse a play such as this, without becoming mawkishly sentimental, and overdoing the thing to such an extent that the sympathy of the audience, instead of being carried along, revolts from what it senses to be unreal.

Never for a moment, I am sure, did the audience feel that the character of the Dreamy Kid was overplayed, or that his Mammy's delirium was too intense to be entertaining. Eugene O'Neill has a gift for this sort of dramatic moment; and an unerring taste that rarely leads him to overstride the probable.

The play turns upon the age-old superstitious fears that are imbedded in the characters of Dreamy's people; the dread of the hoodoo, that is as strong in the Dreamy Kid, an Am-

(Continued on Page 12)



Editor, The Gateway.

Sir,—On behalf of the Junior Class we wish to publicly thank all those who contributed to the success of the Junior Promenade. We are greatly indebted to Mr.

Mathews for the use of his model ship, and also to Krant the Furrier for the loan of the skins. Each of these gave to the decoration scheme that necessary touch of realism. We must also thank the Woolworth Co. for the use of their candlesticks.

To those who turned out so valiantly, and especially to those of other years who helped with the decorating the afternoon preceding the dance, we give our sincerest thanks.

Yours respectfully,  
JUNIOR DANCE COMMITTEE.  
Per George Stanley

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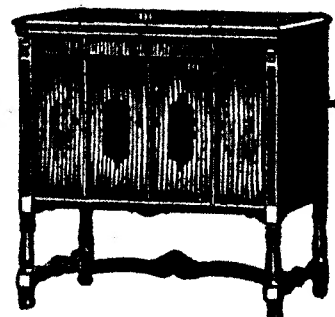
"YE OLDE  
FIRME"

"YE OLDE  
FIRME"

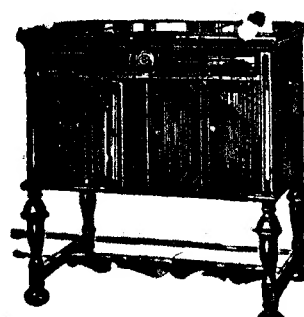
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AN ORTHOPHONIC

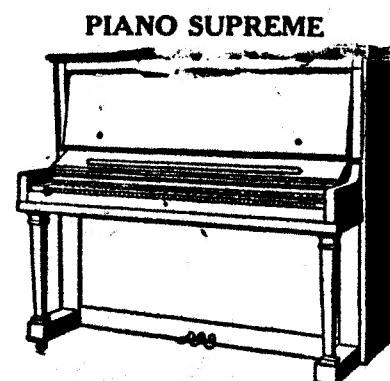


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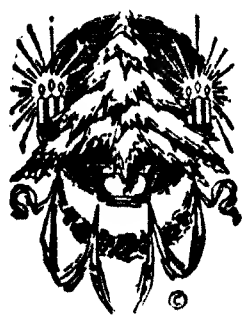
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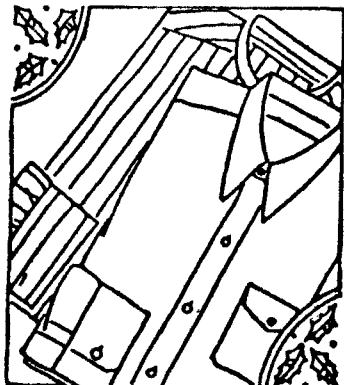
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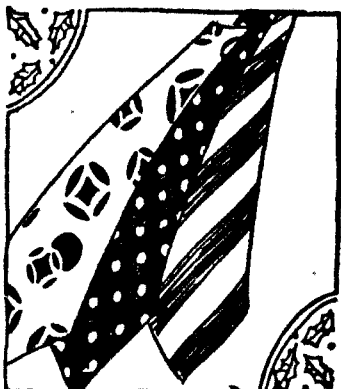
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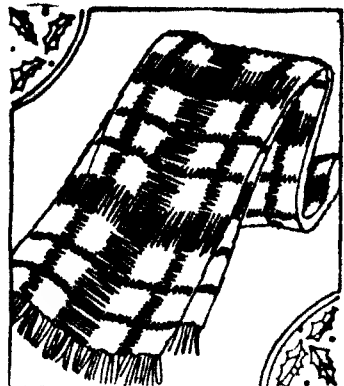
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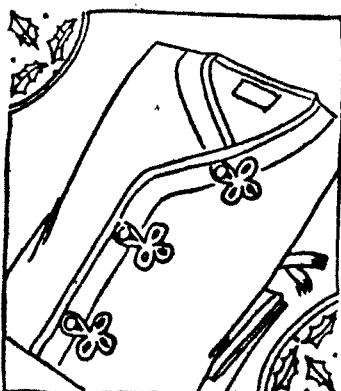
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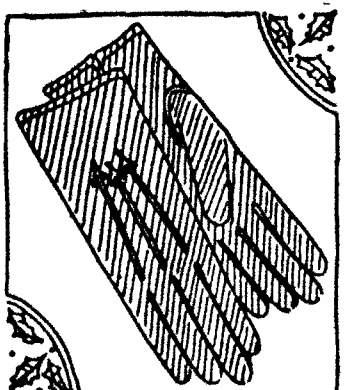
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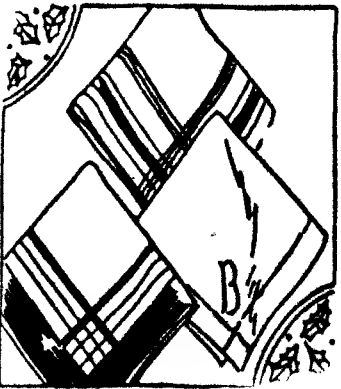
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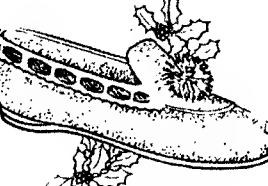
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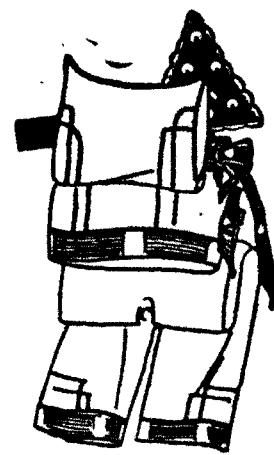
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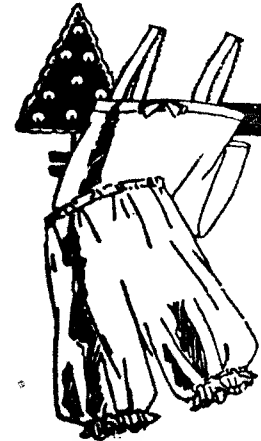
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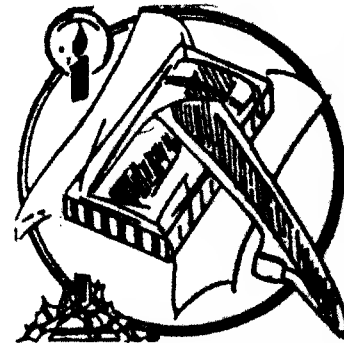
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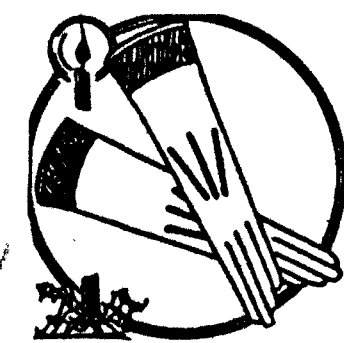
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## You Can't Have It All Icing

(Continued from Page 9.)

erican crook, as it was among his primitive African forbears. It is not love for his Mammy that forces the Dreamy, in spite of Irene's persuasions, and his own better sense, to stay by his Mammy's bedside, knowing that, in doing so, he was meeting certain death. It is an emotion far deeper than that: a dread, that if he did leave his Mammy to die alone, he would incur the wrath of the unknown, and be pursued by bad luck for the rest of his life. When he remains, he does not try to comfort his Mammy's last moments. His mind is busily engaged all the while with his own problem, of how to repel as long as possible the danger that is closing in on him. "They don't get the Dreamy easy, no," by

the Lord Jesus." It is a dramatic moment of genius that makes the delirious mind of the dying woman catch these last words, and interpret them into the fact that her son is praying for her. And so they wait, each their inevitable end; the Mammy happy in the thought that her son is by her bedside, and the Dreamy content in the realization that he has not offended the unknown.

Mr. Walter Little, as the Dreamy Kid, added to the laurels that he won last year. His part was a difficult one to interpret convincingly, yet not one breath of criticism could be made against his representation. No one whom I have seen upon the stage of Convocation Hall within the last four years has quite his knack of carrying a part with such unstudied ease. One cannot help but wonder at the inscrutable ways of fate that will allow a profession like Agriculture to capture the attention of a man whose talent quite evidently lies in another direction.

Miss Horricks made a perfect Irene. The tone of her voice, and every motion of her body, helped to suggest the agonizing effort she was making to persuade her man to escape his peril. The dramatic tension of the climactic scene owes much to her effective work in the earlier part of the play. Miss Helen Carnes, as Seely Ann, and Miss Winifred Gilhooly as Mammy Saunders, both did excellent work in their respective parts, and both helped to win a successful verdict for the play.

**Senior Play**  
With such seasoned actors as Louis Hyndman and Del Edmonds on the cast, and with a director like R. V. Clark, whose production last year won the Shield, the Seniors were expected to do something above the average. The audience was not disappointed. Their presentation of Galsworthy's "The First and the Last" ranked a very close second to

## RETIRING ASSOCIATE



JOHN C. MARSHALL

Jack leaves The Gateway after a year and a half of enthusiastic service. As news editor, then as associate, his work has been of a high order.

The reports of the retiring President of the Union last spring contained this: "To Jack Marshall, also, is due no small amount of credit. How he accomplishes the amount of work he does, and in such a thorough, well-organized manner, is nothing short of remarkable. He has helped the Union, too, in such a multiplicity of ways that I consider we will always be indebted to him."

Was ever tribute more deserving?

the Juniors "The Dreamy Kid." The acting was good throughout (although I don't think that any performance of the evening equaled Little's), and the play almost as powerful, but the Seniors had obstacles to contend with in the presentation of their play from which the Juniors (fortunately for themselves) were free. "The First and the Last" is presented in three scenes, between each of which the curtain is lowered for a sufficient time to allow the scenery to be changed. Those few minute intervals were almost long enough to destroy the climactic effect which each scene was supposed to engender, and were sufficient to mar an otherwise perfect dramatic exposition. I am inclined to believe that Galsworthy wrote the play to be read, rather than to be acted. He must have realized what insurmountable obstacles its division into scenes presented to successful presentation.

But the play is never threatened with disaster. It has a typically Galsworthian climax, which amply makes up to the audience for any deficiency in the action before. In the capable hands of Mr. Del Edmonds, who played the part of the dignified Keith Darrant, K.C., this climax was made to disgorge all its possible dramatic effect. I liked Louis Hyndman's Larry Darrant very much. In every play in which I have seen this talented young actor, his part always seems to have been created for him. As the irresponsible, romantic Larry, he was perfectly cast; and the contrast between him and the dignified, laconic Barrister of Del Edmonds was thus perfectly brought out; a contrast between romantic and utilitarian honor which it was Galsworthy's intention to indicate. The part of Wanda, who is the shuttlecock between these two forces of honor, was excellently taken by Miss Nix, who combined the right amount of loving trust in her dear Larry, and tearful trust in the ability of the business-like Keith, to make her entirely convincing. An able cast, all round, and worthy of praise for an excellent presentation of a rather awkward piece.

**Sophomore Play**  
The Sophomores did (that is the only word that adequately describes the process) "The Bishop's Candlesticks." Personally, I dislike the play, as must anyone. I think, who knows Hugo's "Les Misérables." It gives a completely wrong conception of the character of Jean Valjean, who is a thief in this instance through circumstances other than the playwright sees fit to expose. When one sits down to see a play as massacred in the making as this one is, unless there are some outstanding virtues in the way of good acting to compensate, one rises at the end very weary and very depressed. The Sophomores did nothing to relieve this condition, which I am convinced I shared in common with a good many others in the audience. Their acting was universally mediocre, with the single exception, perhaps, of Ian Marion, who did manage to throw a certain amount of real feeling into some of his lines; although he lost our good opinion later when he threw too much into some of the others. The French accents, too, must have cut like a knife through the sensitive souls of Messieurs Sonet and Pelluet, if they were present in the audience.

Alta Magoon is capable of doing something better than Madame Magloire, if I remember her performance in the Freshman play last year correctly. Martin Burris, as the Bishop of Digne, was not well cast. He could do much better in a role more suited to his appearance. Frances Pullen, as Mme. Baptistine, the Bishop's sister, who did not have much either to do or to say, put the same small amount of life into each task. One blessing develops out of the performance. At least, like an oft-repeated moral, the lesson was well driven home, and we should be free from another visitation of the "Candlesticks" for the next three years at least.

But on the whole, it was a pleasant evening. If we had "The Bishop's Candlesticks," we also had "The Dreamy Kid." You can't have it all icing.

—R. D.

## The Debate -- Cambridge vs. Alberta

(Continued from page 5)

the debate. That is to say, he did what the first speaker ought to do, and he did it well. The wording of a question or subject of debate is rarely if ever quite free of ambiguity, and it is the duty of the opener to put the terms and limits of the subject beyond doubt. Avoiding anything pedantic, Mr. Brunsten caused the necessary definition to emerge quite naturally in the course of his lucid statement. The most important term was "tendency." The question was not the merits or demerits of democracy; nor was it whether any government has the right to restrict the individual, for to some restriction belongs the very essence of any and all government. The one point in question was a tendency, viz., the tendency of all government to go beyond reasonable limits in imposing restrictions upon individual liberty. This was clearly enough brought out, and still more clearly when the speaker cited and emphasized sumptuary legislation.

Despite the clearness of the issue, Mr. Herklotz, after dancing a few preliminary figures on the distant horizon, strayed with delightful inconsequence into forbidden territory. Piano-thumping—that excruciating nuisance—was one of his choices, and probably well-preserved samples of unrestricted individual liberty. Then, with delicious suggestion, he recalled his own feelings about restrictive legislation when he was about four years old. Once again, he harped sweetly upon drains. No doubt wit, quick to discover remote relationships, can find some connection between drains and sumptuary laws, but for the end of serious argument such references were clearly irrelevant.

Thus denied even a bone to pick with his opponent, Mr. MacKenzie—whose deliverance was on several counts one of the most acceptable—had little to do in the way of vigorous defence. Falling back upon what he had obviously prepared with discriminating judgment, if not also with well remembered phrasing, he added to the strength of his colleague's position by cutting out a clear issue on the ridiculous extent—most remarkably in the United States—of the growing tendency of government to interfere with the rights of the individual in such things as food and dress.

Then Mr. Fordham set his batteries blazing with considerable vigour; but for the most part it was blank shot. Once or twice he sent a ball flying, but only to miss the mark, for his eye was not held to the target. Not that he failed entirely to come within the sweep of relevant argument—some of his sallies were quite legitimately effective—but he hardly redeemed Cambridge from the all too easy snare of irrelevance. Perhaps it was that these delightful men from England were jaded by too much travel; or were they too confident of easy victory? Their speeches were most divertingly attractive and abundantly relished by the audience. One could not help feeling, however, that they were capable of much finer work outside the bounds of logical fallacy.

By Dr. John Macdonald

Monday's debate was an "Ignoratio Elenchi" to an extent that even a debate has no right to be. As a consequence—both teams having a good argumentarium on exhibit—the audience found itself disposed to agree with both sides; and, so far as the argument went, there was nothing to prove that each side was not in cordial agreement with the other. The task of the critic, then, must be to try to impute the blame for this unfortunate state of things. In the main, the blame must rest with the visitors. Apart from some rather successful bantering, they ignored distinctly relevant and weighty arguments proffered by their opponents and stoutly defended a position which their opponents had no wish to contest; and attributed views to them (even anarchy was mentioned) which were not in the remotest way implied in their statements. The Alberta side, however, must accept part of the blame because of their failure to make the real issue unmistakably clear to the audience and thus to show that their opponent's arguments were largely beside the mark. It was not that the Alberta speakers failed to see the condition of things—they not only saw it, but were evidently prepared to meet it. But the average member of the audience did not, and could not be expected to, grasp the full bearing of the passing references to "sumptuary legislation" and the distinction between what was called (if my memory serves) "restrictive" legislation and legislation that interfered with personal liberty.

By way of illustration, let us look at one argument—a weighty one—urged by the Alberta team. Alberta denounced the attempt to use the policeman to enforce conduct in outward conformity to certain alleged moral standards. The Cambridge speakers replied by insisting on the duty of governments to legislate the basic conditions which make all real development possible. On the one side, the wisdom of "direct action" in morals was questioned, on the other, the duty of indirect action calculated to remove serious obstacles to healthy development was defended. The Alberta speakers apparently wanted to say that when a man refuses to keep his drains clean, his neighbor must breathe the polluted air, willy nilly; but when a man opens a tobacco shop his neighbor need not become a cigarette fiend. What constitutes direct and what indirect action may, on occasion, be hard to define. But for practical purposes it would seem that a clear, working distinction can be drawn, and the Alberta speakers might have been more emphatic in

this direction, instead of dragging in, as they did, abstractions of eighteenth century political philosophy and harping on misty formulas like Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness, which Mr. Herklotz very properly pool-pooled out of court. I repeat that they did actually draw the distinction, but they did not draw it clearly and vividly enough. Had the visitors acted on what was clearly the spirit of the resolution they might have frankly defended the right of governments, under certain conditions, to even direct action in morals; and who will deny that a strong case could have been made for this right, especially by doughty debaters like Messrs. Fordham and Herklotz? This would have made an excellent debate.

Considering the nature of their case, it is clear that the cue for the Alberta speakers was cold, destructive logic as against an emotional appeal, and when they played hard logic they were very effective. The sentimental appeal was more naturally associated with the visitors' side of the question, and, like the experienced debaters they were, they did not fail to make the most of it. Again, it did not conduce to a direct clash of arguments that the visitors throughout had evidently in mind the Old Land, where there has been much governmental interference in the economic sphere with comparatively little interference in other directions; while the Alberta mind was full of Kansas (which served very well to point the moral and incidentally to adorn Mr. MacKenzie's tale); where something like laissez faire is the vogue on the economic side, and the itch to legislate and standardize soothes itself with a kind of activity for which Mr. MacKenzie has apparently no great admiration.

What is unquestionably the most difficult task in a debate—the first speech for the motion—devolved upon Mr. Brunsten, who opened the debate with a speech that was clear, forceful and notably earnest in tone. The fact of inalienable individual rights, the insidious effects on character and on the body politic of moralization through the agency of the police, the sinister possibilities of democracy in practice as opposed to democracy as an idea and an ideal, the significant unwillingness of governments to surrender war-time powers, made a formidable body of argument. The argument from the general world unrest was double-edged, and could cut both ways, while his point concerning increased legislation and the advance of science was not quite clearly made. In his rebuttal, he distinctly got home with the 100,000 laws. British politics from 1906-1914 (the period which Mr. Fordham put to good use) might have given him an opportunity literally to carry the war into the enemy's country, and those "magnificent" laws, as Mr. Fordham described them, might have been seriously challenged with respect to their magnificent quality. Very pertinent, too, it would have been to remark that the anti-

betting laws of the same period have generated an army of law-breakers no whit less deplorable than the bootlegger and his clientele.

Mr. MacKenzie is distinctly to be congratulated on his speech. He had a most pleasing manner, a quiet and effective style, and a deluge of argumentative material. Here and there his sentences showed a finish and a polish that were quite striking. His very well-equipped artillery, however, must be considerably more mobile to secure direct hits; and, generally perhaps, our men should be reminded that what carries weight is a few points very well made. An overconscientious effort to cope with all your opponents' arguments is not in general desirable. Mr. MacKenzie, too, needs to be reminded that the topic of short skirts is good for one joke only; that there is no moral obligation to make room for a pun, however atrocious; and that public speaking is difficult enough in itself without combining it with intricate steps from the Charleston. Altogether a very good speech.

Once again, however, our men had to yield the palm to the Old Country men for sheer forensic quality. An easy, confident style, voices of delightful compass, and a nimble alertness of mind, are things we expect from them, and we were not disappointed. Distinctly amusing in his banter, Mr. Herklotz was not quite effective in answering Mr. Brunsten, who had anticipated his main contention. On their own interpretation of the motion, however, the Old Country men were both interesting and eloquent, here and there striking, quite acceptably, an emotional note, and, in doing so, Mr. Herklotz misquoted Byron, it would be the worst pedantry to point it out. It is permissible to remark, perhaps, that Mr. Fordham's style was, in its own particular way, a trifle stereotyped, but it would be invidious to criticize speakers of whom it may be said that we were all sorry to see them sit down.

The Debating Executive is to be congratulated on its selection of debaters, and on the very general impression that, so far as the Alberta team was concerned, it was probably the best so far.

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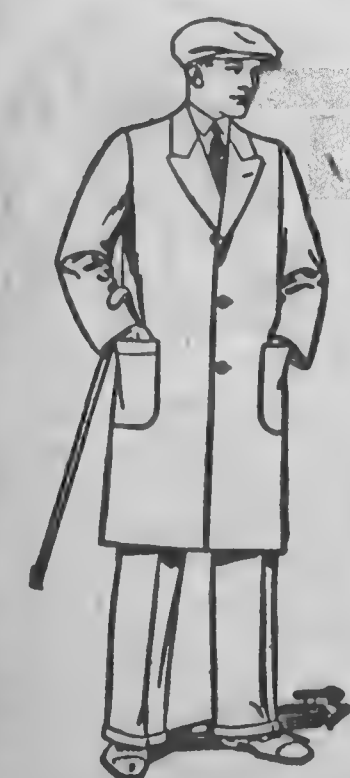
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# THE GATEWAY

A CRITIQUE

Clutching at last straws at times yields valuable results. As a matter of fact, the students will not believe Dr. Alexander when he tells them he is the LAST name on the list of any person connected with student endeavor in the University of Alberta.

—The Editor.

I have not sought this publicity; like Malvollio's greatness, it has been thrust upon me. Personally, I prefer Horace's "path of life that lurks obscure; (I had intended to put that in the original Latin, but I suddenly remembered that The Gateway almost always gets Latin quotations wrong). Still when The Gateway, in the person of its modest editor, comes around and says, "Please criticize me!" what can you do, especially when you know that you are positively the last name on the

editor's list, and that all the others have with one accord begun to make excuses? Poor man! he has gone out into the highways and byways and finding me, a stranger (to his columns), he has taken me in.

The Gateway could stand a lot of improvement in proof-reading—pure, mechanical proof-reading. For some of us at least a lot of the fun is spoiled by these quite unnecessary mistakes, which are inexcusable in a college paper. The same thing applies to quotations and names used in addresses; possibly the reporter may not be very well acquainted with them, but that is no excuse for murdering them in cold-print when a very little inquiry indeed would set things right. It seems to me that it should be a matter of just normal pride with The Gateway staff to be able to say of each issue: "That is

just as accurate in proof-reading, names, dates, quotations as it can be made."

Mistakes in English composition—I am not speaking of style, but of the mere formalities of the language—are always a matter for regret in any public document, but they seem particularly glaring in a college paper. Surely it would be possible to have some competent person on the staff check the issue to guard against solecisms and barbarisms. One of the prime favorites is the "pendent" participle, so misplaced as to produce a ridiculous effect; Professor Broadus called your attention this term to one beautiful example. Would it be possible, too, do you suppose, to find out what the proper uses of "due" and "owing" are, and then to have The Gateway defend the English language consistently to that extent? One sees also a good many instances of the exact use of words, more than there is any justification for. The Gateway office is near the library and the dictionaries.

The material of The Gateway is, of course, very largely the week's events, and probably this is not a very plastic substance. Still, it is wonderful what can be achieved if your reporters are only enterprising and original. I read the other day in the Ottawa "Citizen" an account of the recent Varsity-Queens rugby game; it was an account worth the study of Gateway sporting editors. The whole match was simply made to live before your eyes on the printed page. So much of our reportorial work is drearily anallistic, untouched by the divine fire (or any other kind). I can understand how the reporter for the daily paper goes stale, but Gateway reporters draw upon their funds only once a week.

There has been some discussion about the Casserole. I have had a lot of fun out of that column, and should be frankly sorry to see it disappear, but I must add that I have been appalled a good many times at what I have seen there, and have wondered how it was ever allowed to get by. In the conducting of a column like the Casserole taste is an absolutely requisite feature, at least enough taste to recognize when a story is simply low without being funny. I have been amazed to see in the Casserole sometimes very cheap stories that circulated in the remote days of my unregenerate youth; the great difference is that we didn't print them in those times, which is all to our credit. But in a university with 1,200 students there must be material for a full column of real fun every week, and it could be made the outstanding feature of the paper.

Correspondence is not a thing which the editorial policy can actually produce, although a couple of keen minds on the staff can "rip" an exchange of letters which will be all kinds of fun and will take in most of the public. But general correspondence can be actively fostered. I seem to detect a desire on the part of Gateway editors to suppress correspondence; I can only say that I regard it as capable of being made a most entertaining feature. English newspapers are vastly superior to ours in at least this respect, that they throw their columns wide open to correspondence, particularly of a critical nature. I am told that around the University of Alberta it is quite bad form to criticize the wonderful system under which the students there live, which is the best possible system in the best possible university, as every properly conducted citizen knows. Of course I suppose that under millennial conditions all need of correspondence ceases.

The question of editorial policy is puzzling. What should the Editor discuss? Well, if our students were really interested in our political and economic life, after the fashion of European students, it would be easy to give an answer; as things are, a good wad of boiler-plate on how to raise jumping frogs for profit would do just as well. If on the other hand the Editor should undertake to discuss with real vigor the problems of college life, I can quite realize that our circle is so small that he might be made to feel uncomfortable; we have probably no more magnanimity or breadth of view here than has a town of equal size. I have become so accustomed in consequence to expecting nothing of the editorial column that it was a terrible shock to me when the present editor undertook this fall to defend Albertans young people against the cheap aspersions of an American "research secretary," whatever species of bird that may be. But it was the sort of shock to which I could readily grow habituated—with pleasure.

I have criticized The Gateway; it remains to say that it is to me like England—"with all thy faults I love thee still." I am glad to see it each returning Thursday; I regard it as one of the most profitable of our multifarious "student activities." That it can possibly be made better is not to be taken as evidence that it is not now good, and I do not wish my critique so construed.

WILLIAM HARDY ALEXANDER.

## CIRCULATION MANAGER



RAY KLINK

whose last official act as Circulation Manager of The Gateway will be the supervision of circulation of this issue.

As a staff reporter for years, Ray has been a consistent contributor to these columns. His work has always been of a high class. The Circulation Department is distributing papers more speedily than ever this year.

## RECENT RECITALS

The December 6th organ recital by L. H. Nichols opened with Prelude in D Minor, by Clément (1676-1749), a study in which imaginative grouping of melodies with running accompaniment expresses a sheer joy seldom encountered in a minor key.

A good organ arrangement of the "Largo Appassionata" movement from Op. 2 No. 2, by Beethoven (1770-1827), was played. Such lofty and profound music lifts men above trivialities.

"Gavotta" from the 12th organ sonata by Martini (1706-1784), is a fine example of the dance form in music, delightfully debonair in melody. This number was repeated. Before playing the Third Organ Sonata by Mendelssohn (1809-1847), Mr. Nichols pointed out the melodic themes and general structure of the work. Certainly to hear such monumental classics as this is an educational opportunity.

As an encore, Mr. Nichols played the famous Evening Song "Abendlied," by Robert Schumann (1809-1856). These twenty-nine bars were written originally for four hands, pianoforte. The song is an outpouring of noble meditation.

At the organ recital of December 13th, Dean Kerr introduced the guest of the occasion, Charles Marchand, gifted interpreter of French-Canadian folk-songs. Mr. Marchand had very kindly offered his services for our pleasure, and most admirably did he sing. Gateway readers have noted with interest the excellent accounts in the local papers concerning the art, the mission, and the recitals of this distinguished artist, together with due acknowledgments to J. Murray Gibbon, translator, Ernest Patience, accompanist, and Geoffrey O'Hara, composer of musical settings for two Drummond poems.

The organ programme began with "Christmas Chorale" (Good News from Heaven the Angels Bring), by Pachelbel (1653-1702), a short number replete with clear, sweet melodies such as composers of that day delighted in for angel songs and shepherd praises.

"Songe d'Enfant" and "Pastorale" by the modern Joseph Bonnet, were grouped together. The latter is not

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# MEN FROM CAMBRIDGE TELL ABOUT THINGS--

When Interviewed by Staff Reporter

That the Imperial Conference merely formulated and put in legal language views long held, was the opinion of Mr. H. G. Herklots, of the Cambridge Debating team, when interviewed by The Gateway. Both Mr. Herklots and his colleague, Mr. W. G. Fordham, thought that this year's conference was greatly helped by the presence of a more liberal element—Hertzog and Mackenzie King. Previous conferences had suffered by their one-sidedness, that side being very conservative.

## Coal Strike Could Have Been Avoided

The Cambridge men had several interesting comments to make on the recent coal strike. That strike, they thought, has not decided anything; the situation now being one of armed truce between miners and owners. Mr. Fordham expressed the opinion that while there may be no more general strikes, the big coal strike was not the last of its species. Trade unions were temporarily financially weakened, but their moral strength was not lessened. Non-political unions, however, had received a boost at the expense of the mix-in-politics ones. Public sentiment, thought Mr. Fordham, was generally with the miners while disapproving of the strike leaders. Coal strikes are inevitable, he thought, unless machinery is ready to handle the emergencies. The government might have avoided a strike by acting on the report of the Royal Commission. The Commission's recommendations were drastic, and the government should have acted strongly in accord with them. Instead of refusing to act unless both sides agreed to the proposals, the government, thought Mr. Fordham, should have put them across over the heads of both disputants. Mr. Fordham, by the way, is a Liberal politically, while Mr. Herklots is "more or less Conservative."

Political interest among students at English universities is greater than on this continent. Questioned about its value, Mr. Herklots thought that it was a bad thing for young people to become tied to any political ideas, but Mr. Fordham was of the opinion

outstanding; but in "Songe d'Enfant" Bonnet has given us music that is quite original, very lovely, excellent in value. By means of delicate harmonies, clearly etched melodies and fresh ideas in rhythm, he has expressed exquisitely the questioning, the penetration, and the innocence of the child.

In the last group come "On a Christmas Carol by Saboly" (Shepherds of the Mountains), in the style of Mozart; and "Carol for Christmas-tide" (Let us sing loudly "Noel"), decidedly jubilant in tone. Both were written by Guilmette (1837-1911).

—E. R. N.

that political interest at their universities was educational rather than propagandist.

## No Central Student Executive

Oxford, Cambridge and Durham are the "old" universities of England—the others being "modern." At the "moderns," student clubs' organization is similar to that at North American universities. At the "old" universities, however, there is no centralized organization of student clubs. Scores of little clubs exist independently of each other—they are not in any way united under one executive. There is no "president of the student body." Some of the clubs, of course, take in the whole university—such as the Debating Union and the major athletic unions.

Asked by your representative how major teams were selected at Cambridge, the visitors said that athletic teams were selected by the captain—possibly with the advice of the coach. Debating teams, such as the one now touring Canada, were chosen by the president of the Debating Union with the advice possibly of a committee of members. The idea of professors having anything to do with either selection or coaching of debating teams was quite inconceivable to the Cambridge men.

## A Students' Court Inconceivable.

Student self-government came in for a surprised laugh from the visitors. A students' court for disciplinary purposes would clash altogether with the traditions of Cambridge. "We'd think it a great joke," remarked Mr. Herklots.



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A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR



# SPORTS

Edited by Don MacKenzie

## Overtime Fails to Bring Results in Hockey Opener

Joly Scores Tying Goal on Fine Solo Effort—Score One Apiece—Power, Morris and Mutchmore Show Attacking Strength

Varsity made their debut to Edmonton hockey fans last Thursday, and were powerful enough to emerge from the foray on even terms with their rivals, the league-leading Aristo-Superiors.

The Collegians spotted the Aristocrats one point early in the game, when two of the packmen's forwards combined on a rush, worked their way around the Varsity outposts, and slipped the puck past McDonald on close in. Varsity's trailing by one point gave an added incentive, and the students used every available means of overtaking the one point handicap. But it was not until the third period had rolled around that they were successful. Joly, a recruit in the Varsity ranks, broke away on one of his many solo rushes, wormed his way through the opponents array of talented athletes, and drove the puck past Hoyle to tie the score. Strive as both teams did, the game ended in a deadlock after a half-hour of overtime.

The mild weather hung a jinx on the players as the ice was soft and sticky—resulting in the puck being hard to control and showing tendencies to roll. Golfing tactics were frequently resorted to when the puck misbehaved. Despite these conditions, both teams maintained a fast clip from go to go with no let-up until they had battled an hour and a half without breaking the tie.

"D.P." Held the Fort  
D. P. MacDonald played a brilliant game in goal for Varsity, repeatedly making saves that were inclined to be uncanny. On the forward line Mutchmore was highly valuable and worried his rivals with his relentless back-checking. Power and Morris

were very effective on the offensive, and proved their worth by consistent good playing.

**Newcomers Valuable**  
The Freshman class last brought with it Cooper and Joly who, if they continue to play the brand of hockey they displayed on Thursday, will make history for their class. Joly, a hefty lad, teamed up with Melnyk on defence, and when he lets his playmates on the forward line do more of the rushing, Varsity will have a pair of players in front of "D.P." that will be hard to beat. Cooper formed up with Power and Morris on the first string of forwards, and combined capably with the two veterans.

**Superiors No Mean Opponents**  
If the Aristo-Superiors were worth their 5-1 win over the Yeomen in the league opener, Varsity will find their strongest opposition in the team they met Thursday. The meat-packers had a decided edge in combination, if not in aggressiveness, and Graham, Moret Runge and Beattie are four men who are mighty hard to check when started on a charge.

**Varsity**  
MacDonald..... Goal  
Melnyk..... defence  
Joly..... forwards  
Power..... forwards  
Morris..... forwards  
Cooper..... forwards  
Waterbury..... defence  
Mutchmore..... defence

**Aristo-Superiors**  
Hoyle..... Goal  
Stuart..... defence  
Bonnerman..... forwards  
Graham..... forwards  
Moret Runge..... forwards  
Beattie..... defence  
Cummings..... defence

1st period—Beattie from Runge.  
2nd period—No score.  
3rd period—Joly, unassisted.  
Final score, 1-1.  
Referee—H. Deaton.

## LET'S GO!

The senior hockey team will conclude its 1926 program on Tuesday, December 21, at the South Side rink, against the Aristo-Superiors. In view of the fine showing made to date, it is expected that there will be a worthy turn-out of supporters for this post-examination fracas.

INVULNERABLE "D.P."



D. P. MacDonald, for several years past Varsity's net guardian and present captain of the hockey squad, has been the mainstay of the senior team, and the success of his playmates depend largely on "D.P.'s" work—this year is no exception. This gentleman covered himself with glory when Varsity, in their first encounter this year, held the league leading Aristo-Superiors to a 1-1 draw.

## ATHLETIC AWARDS ARE DECIDED ON

Senior Rugby, Senior Tennis, Senior Track and Interfaculty Track Decisions Made

Thirty-seven athletic "A's" and shields were awarded at a meeting of the Decoration Committee of the Athletic Association held on Monday, December 13. These cover the fields of senior rugby, tennis, senior and inter-faculty track. Announcement of the awards for inter-faculty rugby and soccer will be made later.

The senior rugby team were winners in a series with the University of Saskatchewan and finalists for the Western Canada title. The following men will receive the "First Class 'A' Special" (9 in.), with C (1 1/2 in.) and numerals of the year: W. Selnes, C. Laverty, T. Agnew, N. Gourlay, E. Galbraith, W. Pullishy, D. P. MacDonald, D. Walker, R. Hill, F. Hess, F. Gowda, E. Lewis, H. O'Brien, K. MacKenzie.

The following will receive the "Second Class 'A' Special" (7 in.), with C (1 in.) and numerals: W. Siebert, R. Mitchell, P. Power, H. K. Williams.

G. Lyle and J. Gerrie will receive "Second Class" A's (6 in.) for representing the university in the inter-collegiate tennis meet.

For their participation in the inter-university track meet, F. Werthenbach, A. H. Bright, F. Russell and D. Sproule will receive a "C" with numerals. These men have already their 9 in. "A Special" decorations from previous years. L. Cockle will get his 9 in. "A Special."

F. Werthenbach, A. H. Bright, D. Sproule, F. Russell and W. D. Cut-sungavich, who already have their inter-faculty track shields, will receive bars, while L. Cockle, Parsons, E. Tinkham and C. Reid will receive shields.

The presentation of these decorations will be made at the annual banquet of the Athletic Association next spring.

## ALBERTA COLLEGE SPORTS BOOMING

Volleyball, Boxing and Basketball Light Up Drab Theological Lines

Alberta College athletes have been enjoying the competitions in volleyball and basketball which have been played off in the United College gymnasium. Early in the term a volleyball tournament was arranged and carried out. It resulted in a win for Ken Hilliker's warriors. The benefits of this competition were two-fold: Material was found for almost any brand of sport, and the participants were given an excellent opportunity of making one another's acquaintances.

During November and December boxing of a high-class order, and basketball have been to the front. A preliminary series has been played, and some competition will take place after the holidays for possession of the cup which is awarded each year. The preliminary series has assured something worth while later on, for some of the new hands at the game are fitting in nicely, and the old-timers are getting a run for their money. The policy of the executive has been to interest everybody to participate in the game. The rookie is welcome to play at any time.

A game or two of hockey is expected in the near future. The Alberta Collegians are humble as to the possibilities in this direction, but they aim to oblige.

## Old Timers Trim Varsity in Basketball Classic

Roll Up 31 Points to Undergrads' 28—Stevie Stanton Stars for Veterans—Green and Gold Aggregation Extremely Promising

Varsity "Old Timers" paused in their worldly affairs long enough last Saturday to again defeat their undergraduate rivals 31-28 in the annual basketball engagement of the past and present teams. Although some of the greybeards appear to have lost their slim waistlines of undergraduate days, they showed no signs of being troubled by hardened arteries, and were young enough in spirit and body to take the measure of their youthful rivals, be it even by the small margin of three points.

When the Old Timers trotted on to the gym floor, a flock of memories of the days when Parney, McAllister, Lowe, Stanton and others of their day, were capable enough of outpointing anything in the line of basketball teams developed in this borough, came crowding back—and the grads have not slipped so far back at that.

In the first period the Old Boys were visibly unaccustomed to sporting themselves on a gym floor, and were down eight points when the breathing interval came around. However, in the closing moments of the period "Stevie" Stanton and George Parney were finding the hoop, and dropping in baskets freely from almost unbelievable angles. And during the interval the teams must have located a store of Kreuschen Salts, for when the proceedings got under way again they showed no signs of weakening, and steadily piled up a score greater than even that smoothly working trio, Pullishy, Galbraith and Greenlees, could overtake.

### Not So Bad

Saturday's game marked the initial appearance of Coach Bill's understudies this season, and the crowd of fans that wended their way to the Varsity gym had no reason to be other than highly pleased with the showing the team made. The real strength of the collection of athletes was not known, but after the first few moments of the game all doubt in that respect was speedily dispelled. To replace McLaren and Muir, of last year's team, who were claimed by class '26, three brilliant players, Russell of track fame, Greenlees who appeared in Varsity basketball circles 1924-25, and Pullishy, were chosen from a galaxy of new recruits, who presented themselves for practices early in the season. Russell alternates with Stephens at centre, and copped off two field goals, besides taking an active part at the key-stone position in the majority of the combination plays. Greenlees and Pullishy took their turn on the forward lines and fitted in admirably with their other playmates. They went at top speed when thrown into the fray, and at about three-quarter time these basketekers combined with Galbraith to execute the smoothest series of passes seen around Varsity precincts for many a moon—Pullishy to Galbraith to Greenlees to Pullishy and back to Greenlees, who netted

the ball, all in a twinkling, right under the noses of their opponent's bewildered defence.

### THE PLAY First Period

Varsity started on a scoring spree, and before the gym clock had registered many minutes of play the scholars had piled up a substantial lead. Russell from about the foul line netted the first basket of the game, and was almost immediately afterwards accorded two free throws, which he converted with ease. Greenlees, who started on the firing line with Galbraith, dropped in a free throw and immediately popped off a brace of points by tossing in a beautiful field goal on a pass from Galbraith. Greenlees was fouled and converted one of two tries. Then Husband ambled up from his defence position and advanced Varsity's lead to 12 on a pass from Greenlees. So far the Old Timers had failed to locate the basket, but Stanton decided things had gone far enough, and checked Varsity's triumphant efforts by scoring on a pass from Parney. O'Brien caught the spirit of the occasion and tossed in a basket on a free throw. O'Brien allied himself with the Old Timers for the evening, and appeared to take delight in intercepting the well meant passes of the players he ordinarily teams up with. The remainder of the first frame was a give-and-take affair, with the Old Timers gradually putting the skids under their foemen.

### Second Period

The second foray had hardly started under way before McAllister gained a point on a free toss. This period developed into a repetition of the latter part of the preceding one. The Old Timers had found their old-time playing posture, and strengthened by the addition of Brynildson to their roster gave and took a lot, but mostly took—points. Stanton about quarter way through the period, tied the score by penetrating the basket for three goals straight on solo efforts, and combined with Parney to ring up another counter, giving the Old Timers the lead for the first time in the game. Cox tal-

lied on a clever pass from Love and they never trailed their rivals again in scoring honors. Brynildson chalked up his fourth counter during the dying moments of the period. The game ended in a whirl of passing below the Varsity net.

### Summary

Varsity—Greenlees (6), Galbraith (4), Pullishy (8), forwards; Stoner, Gowda, Husband (2), defence; Russell (4), centre.  
Old Timers—Stanton (12), Cox (2), Love, forwards; O'Brien (1), McAllister (1), defence; Parney (11).  
Brynildson first half for Varsity (4), for Old Timers second half (4).  
Total score, 31-28.  
Referee: Ridpath.

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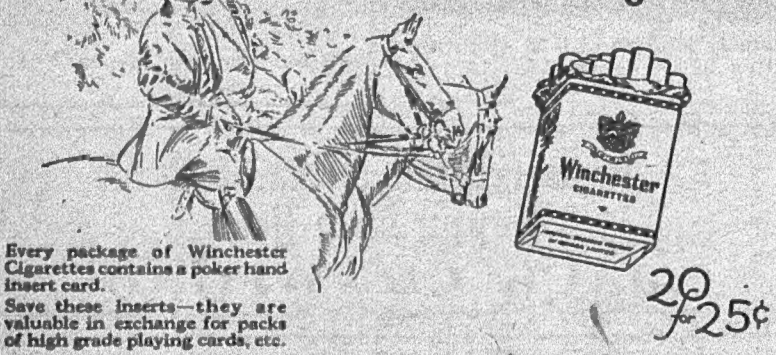
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## ANDERSON RETIRES

J. Ansel Anderson, president of the Debating Society, has been forced to give up his position as a result of the increasing requirements of his research program under the Faculty of Agriculture. Winnifred Gilhooley, vice-president of the society, will succeed at once to the more responsible position.

The policies of the association will probably be unchanged. Plans for the inter-university debates on January 21, for the concluding debates of the inter-faculty series, and for the continuance of the popular open discussions of the session, are being drawn up by the executive.

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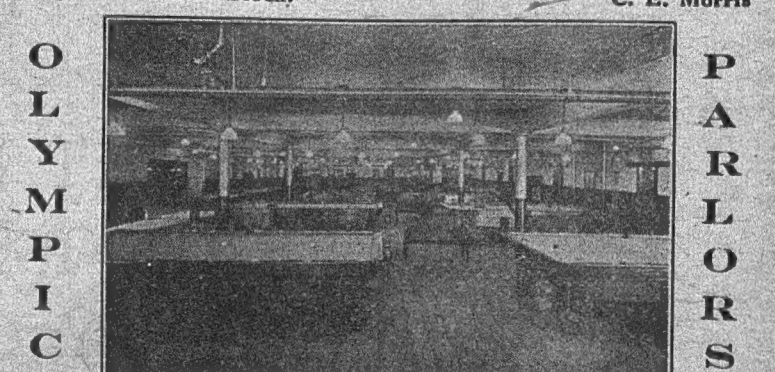
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## First Graduating Class of Nurses in Convocation

**Twelve Nurses Receive Diplomas — Lieutenant-Governor Presents Prizes—Chancellor Beck Congratulates Members on Their Choice of Profession**

Convocation for the awarding of prizes and diplomas to the first graduating class of University Hospital was held in Convocation Hall on Friday evening.

The academic procession, led by the Lieutenant Governor, the Chancellor, the President of the University and members of the Faculty and Hospital Board, and followed by the members of the Nursing School, took their places before a large audience. After "O Canada" and the Invocational Prayer by Captain Gorrie, Chancellor Beck addressed the class. He congratulated them on choosing such a profession, which entailed so much strenuous work, but after all pleasant. In this busy province, where everyone must necessarily work, nursing formed a very important part, and was much more suited to a girl than most other vocations. He referred to the students as lady

diplomats, who had had so much worldly experience. In closing, he hoped they would carry on their profession and be helpful in works of charity.

#### Presentation of Prizes

Lieutenant Governor Egbert presented Miss Isobel Secord with the prize in General Proficiency, and Annie Robertson honorable mention. The prize was offered by Dr. Tory.

Miss Carthana Trowbridge received the highest standing in examinations in the Senior year, and Kathryn Mallory in the Intermediate year. The prize was given by Dean Kerr.

#### Convocation Address

Dr. H. M. Tory gave the Convocation address. A great many, he said, had looked forward to this event for some time. The University since 1908 has been holding first occasions of varied and great importance. Considerable importance was attached to this branch, which was very new. Much time and effort had been spent, and they were proud of the work that had been done. Nursing as a profession has grown through the ages, which had its beginning in witchcraft. Religion, war and science had developed it along with the medical profession. Christianity helped a great deal in developing nursing in Europe. These traditions are associated with Christianity, and worth remembering. No one can forget the splendid work done by Florence Nightingale, involving the spirit of service and sacrifice. Modern knowledge has been developing rapidly in the last fifty years and raising the standard of nursing, the medical and

nursing professions confident in finding they had the knowledge with which to combat disease.

His Honor Lieutenant Governor Egbert expressed his pleasure at being present on this occasion. He spoke of having been associated pleasantly with the profession for the last 35 years. He congratulated them on their fine showing, and wished them every success in their profession.

The Florence Nightingale Pledge Miss Fenwick, Superintendent of the Nurses, repeated with the members of the graduating class the Florence Nightingale Pledge, after which Chancellor Beck presented them with diplomas and inscribed Graduate Nurses' pins.

Those receiving diplomas were: Josephine Bulyea, Nora Glanville, Maud Inklin, Hazel Manuel, Viola Purcell, Eileen Ringwood, Annie Robertson, Isobel Secord, Carthana Trowbridge, Mabel Trowbridge, Aileen Whyte and Doreen Wood.

The procession then filed out of the hall, and an informal reception was held, at which the class met and received the congratulations of their friends.

## THE FIRST GRADUATING CLASS IN NURSING

By A. R.

"Seeing, ye shall see and not perceive."

Could the Nursing Class of '26, professionally capped and bibbed, who faced us in the dim light at early morning prayers, could they have ever been ignorant, quaking probationers?

Incredible, it seemed to us that morning, but according to the archives of the University of Alberta Hospital, unquestionably true.

I try to picture them to you as they must have appeared in October, 1923—the first class to commence training in the newly organized University Hospital.

Sixteen young women, hoping by three years' endeavor to attain a somewhat closer approach to Florence Nightingale's ideal of womanhood.

Visibly, on that first day of October, I take it, the resemblance to their ideal was very, very slight. In fact, solely by the quaint period costume of probationers were they reminiscent of that famous nurse of the '50s. Professional bearing and dignity was not acquired as easily

as the uniform. I was going to say "was not assumed," but assuming a nurse's uniform for the first time is a physical struggle quite comparable to the mental readjustments dependent on the assumption of a professional manner.

The pioneer class of the Training School, under the instruction of Miss Sharpe and members of the Medical faculty, began a five months' course of intensive practical and theoretical training to fit them for general ward duty.

The days of probation I will pass over quickly. Father Time was not so lenient. The girls gradually became accustomed to their duties, learned the rudiments of their work, wrote innumerable examinations and on March first were prepared to appear before staff and friends at the Capping Ceremony.

Fourteen girls fulfilled the requirements and were pledged to the conditions of the Nightingale Code. In token of their acceptance into the School of Nursing, fourteen girls donned the coveted caps.

So the Class of '26 became nurses

in actuality and were accepted on the wards as possessing practical knowledge—to a certain small degree.

The additional responsibility on duty was relieved by an extension of after-duty privileges.

The girls of the class took an active part in the Medical play of 1924. At a series of demonstrations for the enlightenment of the ignorant, they taught nursing procedure to the medical students.

The class organized soon after their probation with the remarkably foresighted financial purpose of saving for graduation expenses. Such an early recognition of the inevitable, might well bear inspection and imitation by other classes.

In June the honorary president of the organization, Miss Sharpe, resigned from the school, her departure much regretted by the entire class. Two students also gave up training during the spring, leaving only the twelve members who have remained to graduate this month.

With the coming of July and summer came opportunity. A new class entered training, and the ego of Class '26, wisely dormant since the early days of their probation, felt a

(Continued on Page 16)

## TO THE NURSES

By Captain H. Bissett  
(Editor's Note: Captain Bissett has for some considerable time been a patient at the University Hospital.)

All men know the impulse to the best in life which springs in ever-increasing flow from every phase of education which our university offers. Every section of Alberta, and many points farther afield, have felt this impulse and have been the better for it. Surely the hearts of those who have devoted their lives to this service must "burn within them" when they see the results, and must count their labor well recompensed.

To great men and women these things are only a spur to greater ef-

fort, and this year is to see, passing through the gateway onto the high road of life, the first-fruits of the School of Nursing.

In all ages it has been the peculiar privilege of woman to comfort and care for the sick, by that constant and tender care which only she can give. In recent years she has been admitted to the medical training which has so enlarged her usefulness and has directed her natural gifts so that today the trained nurse is one of the greatest factors in medical and surgical healing. Knowing, by association, those who are the premier graduates of the University of Alberta School of Nursing, their high ideals and personal worth, we can see how greatly they will enrich the communities to which their services will be given, and the hope and strength they will impart to all under affliction.

There is the high honor of personal and unselfish service to human-kind, and while their road will not always be smooth or pleasant, nothing will ever daunt the high hearts, the noble courage they have shown in choosing it.

We will watch their progress with confidence, feeling that by our present association with them we may share, vicariously, in the love and gratitude they will surely earn as they journey on, because they have been our friends.



N. M. Glanville



J. H. Bulyea



M. E. Inklin



H. Manuel



V. M. Purcell



D. Wood



F. Secord



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### ALBERTA WINS FROM VISITING CAMBRIDGE MEN

(Continued from Page 9)

pin, who travelled through another Edmonton in a similarly rapid manner—it was not “for an hundred pounds.” He had heard since coming to America that England was in a terrible condition. It was not the case when they left England, and he could only attribute it to their absence, for which reason they were both anxious to get back again in time to put things to rights before Christmas.

“It was true,” said Mr. Herklots, “that the weather was one thing governments had not yet succeeded in controlling, but in his country the government actually compelled people to sweep the snow from the sidewalk when it snowed.” He contended that life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness was only possible with a highly developed system of government. It made possible that great essential to happiness, equality of opportunity, without which development of character is impossible. In the words of Aristotle, “Man is a political animal,” and as society became daily more complex so must man more and more submit to control. When he was packed off to school at the age of three, Mr. Herklots said, he deplored the tendency to interfere with his personal liberty, but fortunately for him his mother was on the side of the government.

“The Englishman’s home is his castle, but his drains must be kept clean, and he may only build his home in conformity with certain government rules.” “The old laissez faire” policy of the 18th century, which was responsible for the growth of slums, had been done away with, and today the government was making it possible for the individual to be more moral by such legislation as that providing for the construction of “garden cities.” The right to build a skyscraper when and where one wishes has passed away.

Mr. MacKenzie then gave a very forceful speech as second speaker on the affirmative side. He maintained that the negative had not considered any instances of government interference in the “sumptuary rights of man,” and went on to support the main contention that “you cannot make men moral by act of parliament.” History shows that the best governed country is the least governed. In the United States there are over one hundred thousand laws passed annually, in England only one hundred. Referring to the liquor laws in U.S.A., he declared it to be “a dryness that is so wet, that wetness beside it seems dry.” “The state is not a physician,” said Ken, “people must feel what is wrong with themselves and then let the state supply the remedy.” Governments are as

fallible as humans, and quick remedies are quick remedies.” We must fight to the last ditch any tendency that leads to the utter subordination of the individual to the state. Ken then went on to deplore the number of laws recently passed in Europe and America which limited the length of skirts, the use of lip-stick and the practice of mixed bathing. “Government today is the machine which in the manner described by Samuel Butler in his book ‘Erewhon,’ tends to engulf us.” Mr. W. G. Fordham, of Trinity College, Cambridge, then spoke for the negative. He repudiated the contention that British policy was that of “the best governed is the least governed.” From 1906 to 1914 Great Britain was more prolific in legislation than ever before, and during these years many acts such as the Health Insurance Act and Factory Acts were passed benefitting the individual.

Mr. Fordham then denied that we were becoming cogs in the machine of state. “There are more cranks and individualists today than ever.” “Society is rising above individual rights for the benefit of the community at large,” he said, and cited the case of traffic regulations. The petty restrictions relating to lipsticks and smoking were so insignificant as not to merit attention. The main thing was that eighty per cent. of modern legislation aims at benefitting the community at the expense of self-interested individuals, and that “true freedom can come by law and law alone.”

In a short rebuttal Ted Brunsden summed up the case for the affirmative. He denied the negative’s contention that they were virtually anarchists, and asked whether the negative would like always to live in England as it was during the war under the “Defense of the Realm Act.” They had no regrets for the days gone by, but rather hope for the future, and their hope was founded on a belief that men would always cherish his rights as an individual as his most sacred possessions.

The Law Club announces “The Undergrad Dance” to be held in Athabasca Hall on Friday, January 28th, 1927.

In order that no difficulties may arise at a later date, the Committee in charge is laying down certain regulations in regard to this dance, to wit:

The dance will be open to all members of the student body, graduates and staff and outside friends. No preferences will be made, and only a limited number of tickets will be available, but in order that everyone will have an opportunity to obtain tickets they will be sold in blocks of 75 at different times two

### VARSITY GOES INTO TIE FOR HOCKEY LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP

(Continued from Page 9)

Trio Team Up Well  
Duggan, flanked by Collingwood and Mohar, a trio of stars who have played together for years, combine well and sweep down the ice, and their smoothness in passing enabled them to work well within the precincts of the Varsity goal. As a result of a rush by this trio in the third period, Collingwood added a point to the Yeomen’s growing score. W. Kinney threw a scare proper into Varsity fans when he shot in another counter on a lone rush, a few moments later. His goal, however, closed the scoring for the evening, and the game ended shortly following it with the score unaltered.

“D.P.” Responds  
Net-minding honors go to D. P. MacDonald, who brushed aside forty-two shots, while Dea at the other end handled but twenty-seven.

Varsity  
MacDonald..... Goal ..... Dea  
Joly..... Defence ..... J. Kinney  
Melnik ..... Forwards ..... Collingwood  
Morris ..... Duggan  
Power ..... Mohar  
Hakik ..... Grove  
Levell ..... Carrigan  
Waterbury ..... Taylor

Goals  
First period—Yeomen (W. Kinney) in mixup off Joly’s skate).  
Second period—Varsity, Morris from Melnyk; Varsity, Levell; Varsity, Morris; Yeomen, Carrigan; Varsity, Melnyk; Varsity, Levell.  
Third period—Yeomen, Collingwood; Yeomen, W. Kinney.  
Penalties—First period, none; Second period, W. Kinney, Grove, Morris; third period, Collingwood, Joly, Duggan, Morris.  
Shots on Dea, 27; on MacDonald, 42.  
Referee, Harold Deaton.

### ANNOUNCEMENT

weeks before the dance.  
A careful check-up will be made of all tickets sold; and anyone who is guilty of transferring tickets in order that outside couples may be present at the dance will be prosecuted, and their friends refused admittance.

This dance is for the students and friends, and not for the general public, so that in order that they may be accommodated this restriction is necessary.

UNDERGRAD DANCE COMMITTEE.  
Shirley G. MacDonald,  
Chairman.

## Evergreen and Gold Prospects Appear Exceedingly Bright

Seventh Edition of University’s Annual Year Book Seems Headed for Success—“Help us Make it Better Than Ever” the Appeal

Again will Evergreen and Gold the official year book of the Students’ Union, make its ever welcome appearance. It is taking form now in the fertile brains of the staff, the various members of which are entering into the work with an enthusiasm that augurs well for its success.

It will appear, but what will it be like?

Your reporter innocently asked a member of this staff if he considered it possible to maintain this year the high standard of previous years. The Gateway came within an ace of losing a good reporter, rapid side-stepping alone saved him—but Evergreen and Gold gained an admirer.

Alberta’s year book ranks, although but six years of age, high in the list of Canadian publications of a similar nature. The students are proud of it, and have been in the past consistent helpers and boosters. The appeal is one again broadcast—get behind the staff, help in any way possible, and order your copy early.

As previously announced Wes. Oke was appointed Director by the Council. His staff, already hard at work, will certainly bear watching, indeed seem to be the kind that one can’t help but watch.

J. B. D. Nielsen, as Business Manager of the annual, will guard the receipts. If anyone can make a financial success of the venture, count on this hard-working and gifted Commerce senior to turn the trick.

E. R. Tavender, that handsome student-at-law, also a senior, makes his editorial bow. Ted, as Editor, is the second ace Evergreen and Gold flashes before the eyes of the students it is to serve.

A. C. Ahrens hopes to put to practical use his knowledge of dentistry, in extracting from the business men of the province that which advertising managers want, signed contracts in abundance. And Art’s managerial ventures in student affairs have been unusually successful.

R. Hill, president of the Soph class, an athlete of the first rank and a general favorite, is the Circulation Manager. It is a pleasure to buy anything from Bob, and his assistants are each trying to out-

sell their manager. Do you recall the advertising slogan beginning with the word “eventually”?

D. O. Sproule, whose cartoons featured the last Evergreen and Gold, consents to act as official illustrator this year. Don, distance runner extraordinary, is equally strong when it comes to running the elusive idea to earth. Watch for his work.

Miss Beatrice Williams, one of the reasons for the Junior Class being so popular, is announced as Epitaph Editor. Bea asks all who are graduating to secure friends to write their epitaphs in the conventional hundred word limit and to turn them in.

H. H. Hutton represents the Freshman Class in the Evergreen and Gold brigade. He will have charge of engravings. It was a red-letter day for Commerce when Herb enrolled, and that’s the way the year book feels too.

Is the staff member who took violent exception to your reporter’s question to be excused?

### SPORTS EDITOR RETIRES



### DON MACKENZIE

The modest-looking but alert young man pictured above relinquishes with the end of the year his control of the Sports Page of The Gateway.

Don has served on the paper as reporter, news editor and sports editor—a substantial contribution. His sports page has been well written and attractive. A tribute to the editor.

### RUGBY GUARANTEE

The Rugby Club wish to thank those supporters who so freely subscribed to the guarantee fund that made it possible for the rugby team to play in the Western Canada final. Entry in the final was a step in creating rugby traditions for the team, and it is confidently expected that with the experience gained a University team will in a few years if not next year, win the Western title.

Those who have not as yet paid their subscription are asked to do so this term. Payments may be made at the Bookstore or to canvassers.

## DAINTY XMAS GIFTS at the BLUE BIRD MILLINERY

A Nice Assortment of Gifts for Your Selection, including

Doll Boudoir Lamps, Pin Cushions, Powder Puffs and Boxes, Shoe Trees, Candy Jars, Jewel Boxes, Fancy Bridge Pencils, etc.  
50c to \$5.00

Beautiful Scarves in all the new color combinations \$1.95 to \$6.50

Dainty Hand-Painted Crepe de Chene Handkerchiefs 35c and 50c

Exclusive Velvet, Metal and Fur-trimmed Mid-Winter Hats, Reg. to \$17.00—Selling from \$1.95 to \$8.50

Make Your Appointments Early for Xmas Work in the Beauty Shoppe

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There is no home or party complete without some of

GRANNY’S REAL CHOCOLATES AND TOFFIES

These Chocolates and Toffies are all made in Edmonton

SUPPORT HOME INDUSTRY

## GRANNY’S TOFFY SHOP

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### FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE EVERGREEN AND GOLD FOR 1925-26

Income	
Advertising .....	\$ 512.50
Advertising receivable .....	55.00
543 Books at \$2.50 .....	1,357.50
15 Complimentaries .....	
32 left in stock .....	
Accounts paid in by clubs .....	1,494.51
clubs .....	40.00
Accounts receivable from .....	
	\$3,459.51

Expenditure	
550 copies .....	\$1,435.65
40 extra copies .....	90.00
Alberta tax .....	76.25
	\$1,601.90
Art work .....	15.83
Photos .....	53.00
General Expenses .....	25.48
Cuts .....	1,701.15
Accounts payable .....	53.00
	\$3,440.36

Surplus .....	\$19.15
Surplus 1924-25 .....	17.06
E.G.G. Reserve Fund .....	\$36.21
E. B. WILSON, Director.	
M. S. ROSS, Bus. Mgr.	

### PLAY COMPETITION RESULTS

The judges of the Inter-Year Play Competition announced their decision as follows:

Best Play—Juniors.  
Best Actress—Emily Horricks (Junior).

Best Actor—Louis Hyndman (Senior).

The shield, which is awarded for the winning play, therefore goes to the Juniors.

The vote of the audience produced different results. It declared:

Best Play—Seniors.  
Best Actress—Mabel Nix (Senior).

Best Actor—Louis Hyndman (Senior).

### WAUNEITA COUNCIL SECRETARY

Marjorie Lundy has been appointed Secretary of the Wauneita Council (Court) to succeed Flo McDonald. Miss McDonald has left the University.

### THIS CHRISTMAS

Most Varsity Students want to remember all of their friends with suitable gifts.

### FOR HER

XMAS BOXED CHOCOLATES, PAPETERIES, PERFUMES, COMPACTS, TOILETRIES, ETC.

### FOR HIM

XMAS BOXED TOBACCOS, SHAVING SETS, WATERMAN’S AND PARKER FOUNTAIN PENS, ETC.

### SPECIAL

\$1.50 Crossley Gift  
Papeteries 69c

With Club-size Envelopes and Letter Paper deckle edge, in colors.

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